DOLLARS THAT HELP HITLER *A Washington report by Bruce Minton*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY DECEMBER 2, 1941

OFFENSIVE IN AFRICA

What the British People Think

A cable by Claude Cockburn

Desert Warfare

by Colonel T.

America's Responsibility

The Significance of Dutch Guiana

by Joseph Starobin

THE GREAT CIO CONVENTION

An estimate from Detroit by A. B. Magil

Mikhail Sholokhov cables from Moscow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Between Ourselves

FOR that tired feeling try a New York to West Coast round trip, stopping in thirteen cities on the way and speaking at twenty-three meetings—all in the space of five weeks. That's our business manager, Carl Bristel's recipe. He got back from just such a trip the other day with a bagful of impressions about NM readers.

The things he discovered made a report that lasted through most of a morning staff meeting. In a little town in Idaho the chief NM distributor is a fireman on a locomotive who gets the magazine every week and passes it on to ten friends —seems the binding is a little loose by the tenth reading but the material is still intact. There is no such thing, Bristel discovered, as a "typical NM reader." They range from highly placed professionals—in all professions—to students, farmers, clerks, workingmen—more "types" than one can remember. Each has his own preference for certain NM features; some look for the editorials first, some for the book reviews or Sights and Sounds. Chief criticism was: not enough short stories, poetry, cultural articles, and regional material. Everyone agreed that the magazine was a powerful ideological force and should reach thousands more people. To that end special NM committees were formed in each of the cities. First result: twenty-five dollars' worth of subscriptions from Cincinnati. Other cities already heard from include San Francisco, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit. Here is a project that need not be confined to cities between Manhattan and the Pacific Coast, or to the towns in that region which Carl was able to visit. Anyone interested in knowing how such a committee is established, how it functions, and other relevant details is invited to write us—all inquiries will be gratefully received and promptly answered. Address Carl Bristel at this office, 461 Fourth Ave., New York City.

A. B. Magil is still on his particular tour of America, or that great section of American industrial life represented in Detroit during the past week. Magil, whose article, "The Meaning of the CIO Convention," appears on page 7, stayed on a while to get a good look at defense production problems as encountered in the automobile industry. He will tell you about it in a forthcoming issue. Other articles scheduled for publication in early issues include a lengthy review by Samuel Sillen of William Blake's new book, *The Copperheads;* the story of prefabricated houses, by Milton D. Ellis; a report from Underground Austria, first country to fall under the Nazi drive, which will give you a rare picture of the Austrian people's activities against Hitler; and Samuel Putnam's article on the Negro in Latin America.

Putnam's "Philadelphia Story" in our last issue drew a quick response from the City of Brotherly Love. "I've drunk 'Scoogle highballs' for only a few months," writes P. T., "but it looks as though I'll have them for a long time to come since I'm a defense worker in this area. Your Mr. Putnam's article is being quoted by a lot of people, and Mr. Mike Quin's new name for the Schuylkill River has been taken up by the people who read the piece. I think it is a very good article. We get so darned sore sometimes at the way people who run the political machine run the city too—it's a help for someone to tell the truth about them so others can read it. People who get their ideas about Philadelphia Main Liners from movies like *Kitty Foyle* ought to come down and drink a Scoogle highball with us; it will open their eyes."

The mail from Latin America and overseas has brought some periodicals that give us especial pleasure. There was, for example, the anniversary issue of *Hoy,* progressive Cuban newspaper with the second largest circulation in the country, with special articles from Western Hemisphere writers. NM is proud to be represented in the issue by contributions from editors Joseph North and Joseph Starobin, and that old NM contributor and former editor, Michael Gold. From Mexico we have received the first issue of *Freies Deutschland* (Free Germany), whose exile editors and writers express a wonderful resurgence of hope among the people of Germany. This particular issue includes a stirring address by Ludwig Renn to German authors and an article by Friedrich Wolf, who found refuge in Russia from the concentration camps of Hitler and his French collaborators. Wolf describes the defense of Moscow and appeals for utmost aid in that defense. There are also articles by Lion Feuchtwanger, Andre Simone, and Egon Erwin Kisch, whose autobiography, *Sensation Fair,* has just been published by Modern Age. From Sweden also comes a new publication, *Kulturfront,* a sort of analogue of NM, which prints among other notable features a piece by Martin Andersen Nexo, the famous Danish author whom the Nazis arrested in Denmark and imprisoned several months ago.

Some people argue with us that we use an unnecessary amount of space telling just what the NM Artists and Writers Ball will feature *this* year. After all, they say, the thing is an institution—who cares about the details? Why not just say, "NM ball—on December 6 at Webster Hall"? Everybody will come, if for no other reason than to get together with everybody else who always comes. . . . That's true, so far as veterans are concerned, and it's also true that veterans make up a sizable proportion of the crowd. For the newcomers, whose tribe increases yearly, we offer the following information: the chief entertainment feature will be a brand new revue built around the theme of a model army camp and consisting of songs and sketches supplied by Mike Stratton, Earl Robinson, Alex North, Joseph Darien, William Blake, George Kleinsinger, and others. There will be "dancing till dawn" to the rhythms of an orchestra led by Red Allen and including some of the greatest names in jazz history—Sidney Bechet, J. C. Higginbotham, Jimmy Hoskins, Billy Taylor, and Billy Hall.

Who's Who

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV is a famous Soviet novelist, author of *The Silent Don.* . . . Jovo Dvijak is a Serbian poet. . . . Elise Moorer is a free lance writer. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of a number of works on the Negro in American life. . . . Ella Winter has contributed to NM before. . . . Claude Cockburn was formerly editor of the newsletter *The Week* and Washington correspondent for the London *Times.* . . . Col. T. is the pseudonym of a military expert. . . . Bruce Minton is NM's Washington editor.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOLUME XLI, NO. 9

December 2, 1941

Britain's Libyan Offensive *by Claude Cockburn* 3
Our Responsibility *by Joseph Starobin* 4
Desert Warfare *by Colonel T.* 5
The Meaning of the CIO Convention *by A. B. Magil* . 7
The Dollars That Help Hitler *by Bruce Minton* . . . 10
Gropper's Cartoon 11
Russia's Factory Front *by Feodor Gladkov* 14
Sholokhov Talks to the Prisoners 15
Meet Councilman Cacchione *by Alvah Bessie* 16
Revolt in Yugoslavia *by Jovo Dvijak* 18
Wilson, Unincorporated *by Elise Moorer* 19
Editorial Comment 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Great Migration *by Ralph Ellison* 23
Crime Study *by Ella Winter* 25
Continental Congress *by Herbert Aptheker* 26
Science Anthology *by James Knight* 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"Forgotten Village" *by Joy Davidman* 27
Four Plays 28

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 461 Fourth Ave., New York City. Copyright 1941, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions $5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.75; three months $1.50; Foreign $6.00 a year; six months $3.25; three months $1.75. In Canada, $5.50 a year, $3.00 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. NEW MASSES does not pay for contributions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES
VOLUME XLI DECEMBER 2 NUMBER 9

BRITAIN'S LIBYAN OFFENSIVE

The African campaign, cables Claude Cockburn, has heightened morale in the factories and in the army at home. A most pleasing defeat of the do-nothing brigade. Perspectives for the future.

London (by cable).

AS THE British Eighth Army, bristling with American armaments, got on the move in the Western desert, Churchill rightly warned us it was too early for exultation. All the same everyone did exult—not in a premature confidence in victory, not without realization of the enormous chances and dangers involved in such a battle, but quite simply in the fact that now at last we are taking those chances, facing those dangers. "At last" was the phrase you heard that morning on everyone's lips. And part of a great, slimy burden of doubt, suspicion, and exasperation rolled off the backs of millions of workingmen, soldiers, and honest, thwarted-feeling men and women of every class and party.

Naturally there are sharp differences of opinion about the question of whether or not this is the ideally best second front to have opened. But there is no difference of opinion at least about this: that the do-nothing brigade, the wait-and-see boys, and, of course, such sinister forces as there may be who were preparing to come out of their dugouts at the prospect of a Hitler peace offensive, have all suffered a most pleasing defeat. Those who have acted on the belief that by pushing and shoving and shouting we should at last get some action somewhere are mightily encouraged.

IT MUST BE UNDERSTOOD what an immense positive effect this action, whatever its outcome, will have in the factories and throughout the army at home. As I have emphasized repeatedly in earlier reports, there have been and there still exist enormous obstacles to production, some of which can be overcome only by the most profound radical changes in the attitude of men on the job, including a drastic—and to many people, alarming—shakeup in trade union traditions and practices. It would be possible to list dozens of cases in which at this moment the most important local negotiations—sometimes negotiations within a single important factory—are in progress between representatives of, for instance, members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union and, say, the Associated Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers or the National Amalgamated Furniture Trades Association, for a relaxation of jurisdictional lines which in some instances can mean an immediate production increase of fifteen, twenty, or even thirty percent. These are vital matters.

The epic of the Soviet resistance was and is the factor that made it possible for them to be tackled at all, for they could only be tackled as part of a war of the peoples against Hitlerism. But the relative British inaction during the first five months of the Russian war, combined with many disturbing political indications, was a powerful factor in slowing down the new developments in the factories. It played straight into the hands of all those who, unwilling for whatever reason to take the necessarily radical measures, were able to say, "The government doesn't seem to be taking the war very seriously so why should we make these new and difficult and potentially dangerous sacrifices?"

THE OFFENSIVE in Africa—whatever its outcome—has given a huge new impulse in the right direction. I mention as an instance these local inter-union negotiations because they are one concrete and significant feature of the situation. It is, of course, true that there are a thousand and one other respects in which the offensive will have an incalculable effect in raising morale to new heights and new achievements. I do not, of course, intend when I say "whatever the outcome" to make the idiotic suggestion that the outcome of the battle is somehow of secondary importance. Obviously a failure would confront us with problems of the most extreme gravity. That is part of the risk. But precisely the thing that people have been asking for is that risks of this kind should be taken, and the fact that an offensive action has been launched on such a scale has already altered the political atmosphere here and very greatly improved it. Without speculating about the results of this great battle or trying to deal in detail with the question of whether or not this was the best new front to have opened, it is being remarked here that at least the offensive in Libya cannot be regarded in total isolation from or opposition to the whole complex of fronts and potential fronts around the edges of the controlled territory.

To take just one example: it is not out of the question that if the offensive shows signs of overwhelming success, the German High Command may itself feel compelled to tear open the western front by, for instance, an attempted passage through Spain to Northwest Africa. It has been clear for a long time that if the Germans wanted to take on an invasion of Spain at this time they could do so. The fact that they have not done so is a sufficiently clear indication of the grave problems with which they would be confronted if they were forced to undertake such a lengthening of the front. I mention these speculations not as a prophecy of what may be going to happen, but as an example of the fact that this Libyan offensive cannot be regarded simply as "something on its own." It is true that it is not the "second front in Europe" which has been so widely and seriously demanded by those in a position to judge the possibilities. It is also true that a section of the British press is apparently trying to pretend that it is the "maximum" second front. Such pretenses are, of course, the anxious twitchings of the do-nothing brigade, which is well aware of the fact that success in Libya would bring a truly overwhelming upsurge of popular feeling here in favor of more and more action.

Equally it would have—particularly all around the shores of the Mediterranean—repercussions upon the position of the anti-Axis forces within the occupied or vassal states which would be enormous. In this connection there is particular interest in forward-looking circles here in the sensational development within Yugoslavia. A deep impression has been made by the extraordinary tenacity and effectiveness of the very large guerrilla forces under Colonel Mihailovitch. The fact that the Quisling Premier General Neditch was forced actually to invite Mihailovitch to a meeting to discuss possible terms is seen as proof positive of the extreme difficulties of the German occupying forces in Serbia. It is proof that the Balkans, and in particular Yugoslavia and parts of the Adriatic coast, are alive and quivering with resistance to the Axis forces. In this respect, no less than in that of Spain, it can clearly be seen that the Libyan offensive is not only a magnificent attempt in itself, but also can pave the way to still bigger things in Europe.

For all this, developments on the factory front in Britain, the rapid increase of production and all that that implies in terms of political education and organization, are of crucial importance.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Dutch Guiana is the first step in protecting our approaches from Axis forces in Africa. The control of the western Mediterranean as preparation for a second front in Europe.

IT GOES without saying that the United States has a real and vital interest in the British offensive out on the hot sands of Libya. That interest derives first of all from the fact that the offensive was made possible by the accumulation of American tanks and airplanes. Those air-cooled tanks with their unique rubber treads were assembled in Egypt after many long arduous voyages of American ships, down the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up into the Red Sea, a passage which President Roosevelt opened to American shipping last spring. Many of the planes must have used the trans-African route that was opened in midsummer, the route that swings across the Caribbean, vaults the Atlantic, and traverses the desert to Khartoum and Cairo. The British offensive is thus a concrete expression of our national policy, the policy of helping the Allied powers defeat Hitler. It is proof that our policy is working.

We also have a real and vital interest in the repercussions of the British offensive, which will be many and important. Take Turkey, for example. It is true that the policy of Turkey is determined primarily by the fortunes of war on the Eastern Front, but any shift of Mediterranean power in favor of Britain would strongly react upon Turkey, which is after all a nation with Mediterranean interests. And this is all the more true since the shift of power takes place at the expense of Italy, with whom Turkey has been in traditional antagonism.

Secondly, the British offensive is a direct blow at the rest of the Italian empire in Africa, and hence weakens the Axis as a whole. Mussolini spent billions of lire on Libya; building an empire there was one of the big talking points of fascist propaganda. If, on top of their loss of East Africa and Ethiopia, the Italian ruling class faces the loss of its empire in Libya and Tripoli, then the whole position of Italy as a Mediterranean power is eclipsed.

BUT IT WOULD be quite a narrow view to think in terms of colonial position. The larger truth is that if the British forces, with continued American help, can administer a decisive defeat upon von Rommel's armies, then the whole question of the future of French North and West Africa comes into view.

And as the future of the French empire in Africa is involved, it becomes possible to view the offensive in Libya as the precondition for America's direct participation in the war, for the opening of a second front on the continent in which the United States can play a direct role. Some people cannot help but feel that the Libyan front is secondary, in the sense that it may not divert enough German and Italian forces from the East to help the USSR at a critical time; Colonel T. considers this a "second best" front—but if the American people and the government do the right thing in the next few weeks and months, the North and West Africa littoral can become the most feasible base for opening a second front on the continent. It can become the point of departure for an American offensive either into Spain, southern France, or Italy itself, an offensive that would really herald the beginning of Hitler's defeat. It was Max Werner who said that control of the Mediterranean was a prerequisite for opening a front on the continent. That is precisely what is involved in the present crisis.

WHAT I MEAN becomes clear if we consider some alternatives. If Hitler secured the collaboration of the French fleet and merchant marine, if his soldiers came across to Morocco and then down the west coast of Africa to Dakar, the United States certainly would be confronted with a crisis of major proportions. Few would deny that. With Nazi planes and troops and submarines along the coast of West Africa, Hitler's stock in Brazilian and Argentine ruling circles would boom, for Dakar is only some 1,700 miles away from the bulge of Brazil, the nearest approach to the Western Hemisphere there is. Our shipping in the south Atlantic would be seriously menaced. The patrol of the north Atlantic would be made more difficult. The problem of America's direct participation in helping to decide the outcome of the war would be complicated enormously, and the war itself greatly prolonged.

On the other hand, if we took the bull by the horns, if we occupied the Azores (preferably by negotiation with Portugal), if our destroyers steamed into the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, if from our Caribbean bases and British Guiana we landed at Free French soil in West Africa, as well as Casablanca to the north, at the same time that the British proceeded westwards from Tripoli, then the United States would have gained a real hinterland, a base for its ships and troops. That would of itself not be a front on the continent, but it would make the development of such a front easier. Then Britain, from its positions against Norway, the Low Countries, and northern France, together with American troops operating across Gibraltar, across Sicily, and southern France, could really make it possible to threaten a second front, and to open one.

And what must be seen is this: that unless we act in the present juncture, when Hitler faces problems in France, not to mention the Soviet Union, when the British are advancing in Libya, then we may find that Hitler will have acted before us. The job of getting him out of Dakar and Casablanca would be infinitely more difficult if he got the headstart. It would not be easy to get our troops and navy over to these positions, to be sure, but not much more difficult than it was in the winter of 1917-18. But once achieved the strategic balance would have really turned in favor of the anti-fascist forces.

THAT Hitler is very sensitive to the future of France in Africa is obvious from the "resignation" of General Weygand, the erstwhile commander of the French armies in Morocco, a "resignation" which the State Department considers was forced by the Nazis. It is also clear that among all the highly publicized confabs in Europe this week, the most important is the discussion between Hitler (or his lieutenants) and Petain. The inauguration of the New Order, the flimflam about crusading against Bolshevism is after all intended to bolster public opinion at home and confuse it abroad. But the issue of France is foremost.

The core of Germany's problem is to involve the French in stopping the British advance in Libya; it is to place the control of French North Africa and West Africa in reliable hands. Hitler might have preferred to leave this situation unsolved while pursuing his "victories" in the Soviet Union, but once the British precipitated the issue as they have (with our help) we must expect the Nazis to react quickly. And that is why we must act even more quickly. The State Department seems to understand something of this judging from their quick announcement that with Weygand's removal "American policy toward France is being reviewed and all plans for economic assistance to French North Africa are being suspended." That's to the good, but it is hardly enough.

[The day after this article was written came the news that Dutch Guiana, lying on the northwest coast of Brazil, just above the bulge, is being occupied by American troops, by agreement with the Dutch and Brazilian governments. This is good news, not only because the vital sources of aluminum ore will be under direct protection of our troops, but also because it is proof that the government and the high command are fully aware of the importance of the northwest corner of South America both for defensive and offensive operations. This view is strengthened by the news that the Free French forces, under de Gaulle, are being accorded lend-lease aid, because, as the President's order states, "the defense of any French territory under the control of the French Volunteer Forces (Free French) is vital to the defense of the United States." This is a big and necessary step forward. It emphasizes the crisis in our relations with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vichy. It holds forth the prospect of a full recognition for de Gaulle (in which we are lagging behind Britain and the Soviet Union) and makes possible the operations in West Africa which is the nub of my argument. J. S.]

With the Neutrality Act revised, with our own naval forces growing, with our army reaching the 2,000,000 mark, much bolder decisions are required. The one area of the war in which the relationship of forces is not fully defined happens to be the North and West African littoral. It is our responsibility to the struggle against Hitler to take the initiative.

And if there were any illusions in recent weeks that the local Soviet offensives around Moscow and Leningrad had diminished the urgency of a second front, the terrific onslaught which the Nazis have launched this week ought to dispel those illusions.

Everything we said about the seriousness of the threat to Moscow in the beginning of October holds true today. If the Nazis could encircle Moscow and force its defenders back toward the Volga, our whole national policy of getting help to the Russians would be jeopardized. The war would not have been lost, but winning it would become infinitely more difficult—not only for the Russians—but for ourselves. To face the realities requires a real initiative from America—from ourselves.

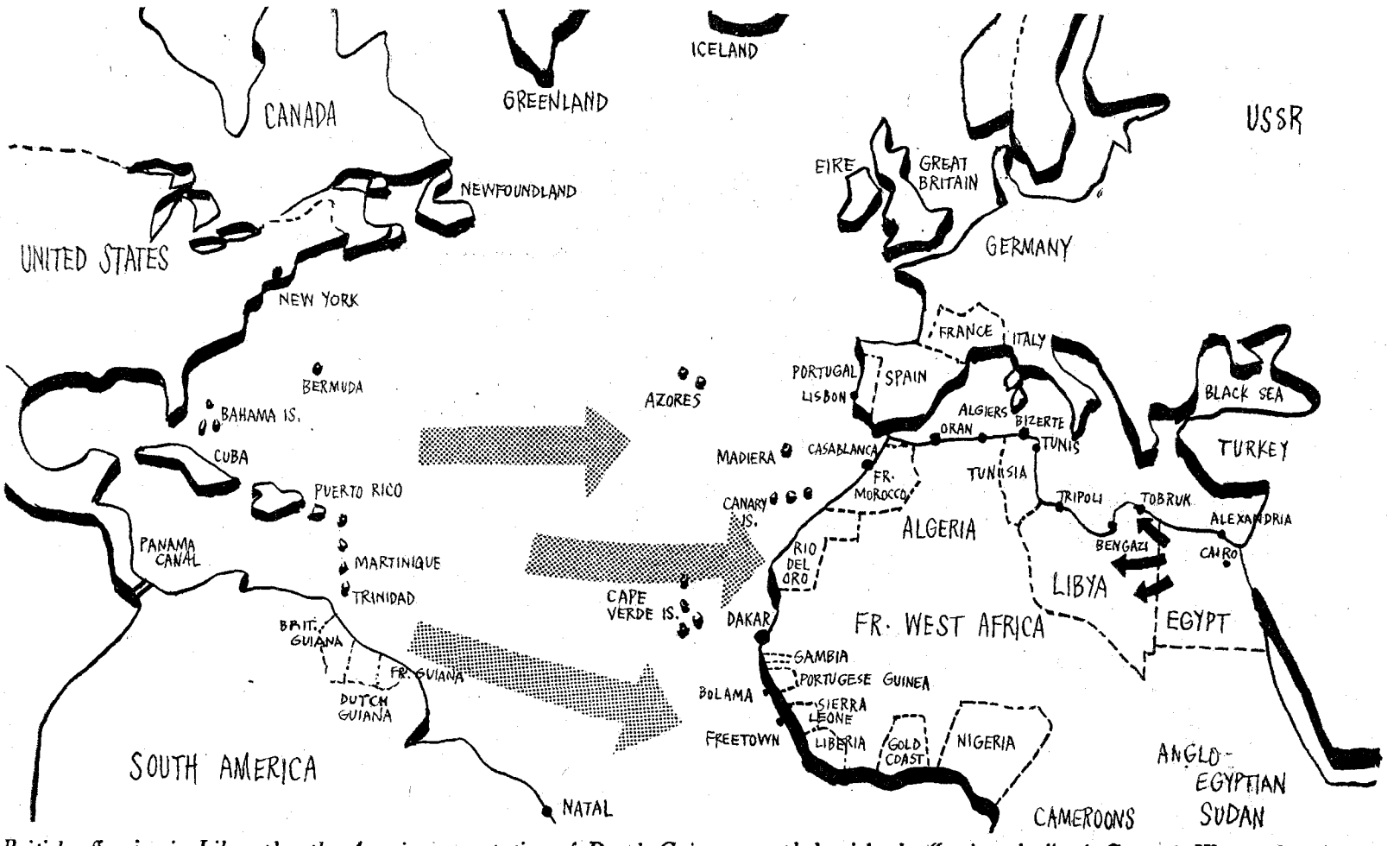
JOSEPH STAROBIN.

DESERT WARFARE

The problems of fighting in territory practically without food, water, or dwellings. Colonel T. discusses the special difficulties of camouflage and supplies. Britain's coordinated operations between army and navy.

THE peculiarities of desert warfare are embodied in the very word "desert." The desert area is practically devoid of everything. No people, no dwellings, no local resources of food and forage, and above all—little or no water. Days are intolerably hot and nights are comparatively very cold. The absence of dwellings and trees poses tremendous problems in camouflaging and hiding troop concentrations. On the other hand, the openness of the country greatly facilitates aerial observation from which it is almost impossible to hide anything of importance. Where aerial superiority has been achieved, the enemy's patrol planes are simply kept away from the sky over your own army groups. In view of all this the difficulties of supply and cover are the main preoccupations of armies fighting in a desert (not counting, of course, the question of alleviating the suffering of the troops because of heat, sand storms, etc.).

Supplies, especially water, are the central concern of the advancing force. Cover and camouflage are the main problems of the defending force. These rules, of course, do not apply exclusively to either case. Because desert oases provide both water and cover, the key operative lines in desert warfare still follow the caravan trails linking these oases. Be they the legions of the Pharaohs, Antony, Alexander, Napoleon, or von Rommel and Cunningham, be they on foot, on camel-back, or in tanks—troops have to fight from waterhole to waterhole. Up to the days of motorization many a desert battle was lost not because ammunition gave out, but because the troops had no water left. The soldier's last gulp from his water flask in the desert may provide a no less dramatic subject for a paint-



British offensive in Libya plus the American occupation of Dutch Guiana, coupled with the "resignation" of General Weygand, raise the problem of control in French North and West Africa. British tank forces have taken Bardia and passed Tobruk on their way toward their first major objective, Bengazi. Nazis are probably rushing planes and men and tanks via Sicily, and will undoubtedly use the Tunisian base of Bizerta. American extension of lend-lease aid to the Free French forces brings into view a possible struggle for Dakar. The Free French control Equatorial Africa, while British and Portuguese bases would make possible a thrust up the West African coast. Note strategic position of the Azores, Madeira, and Cape Verde Islands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing than "The Last Cartridge of Sedan." This writer well remembers that in the desert battles in which he participated a quarter of a century ago, casualties at times could be broken up thus: thirty percent from enemy fire and seventy percent from the effects of the sun.

The sand storm is also one of the horrors of desert warfare. Only practically air-tight shelters will provide protection from its effects. And an air-tight tent, shack, or box car is no picnic ground when the temperature reaches 130 degrees F. There was a time when the writer's outfit lived in trains of box cars for a couple of months in one of the Central Asiatic deserts (200 feet below sea level) in midsummer. At night a southern sand storm would blow until dawn. All the cracks in the cars had to be sealed with raw cotton and rags. Inside the cars the temperature was such that paraffine candles would stand up only for a few minutes and then practically melt. These candles had to be placed in a pan with water to keep them usable. We would take out one candle at a time, light it with great trouble, and enjoy its light for ten minutes. Then it would have to go back into the water in a highly mollified state. Of course, things have changed a lot since then (we did not even have any sun helmets). Army dress has been improved and rationalized. Refrigeration is widely used. There are not only air-conditioned cars, but even air-conditioned tanks.

Nevertheless, take the work of aviation mechanics. Planes come back at sundown and have to be overhauled and inspected overnight. A sand storm starts blowing. The mechanics have to work under the protection of tarpaulins because a pinch of fine sand in an open cylinder will surely spell disaster for the fliers. The same holds true for armored vehicles. Just imagine what working under these conditions means.

ALL TYPES of troops may be used in desert warfare. But nowadays moto-mechanized troops and aviation are the most effective, although their work is far from easy. The former suffer from the combined heat of the sun and their motors, and their vehicles suffer from the wearing effects of the sand. The latter suffer from the difficult flying conditions prevailing over the desert as well as from the "air pits" formed by the ascending columns of hot air.

Special tasks face the army engineers. They, in addition to their usual duties, have to organize water supply, build automobile roads, and establish airdromes. If artificial water supply is not properly organized, the whole operative plan is handicapped by the need to move along lines where water holes are present rather than along lines which would be best tactically. The initiative of the commander is thus stymied.

Winston Churchill has very aptly compared desert warfare with naval warfare. In both categories of war, positions in the strict terrain sense are practically non-existent. The only position that counts is one's position in relation to the location of enemy forces. In the desert armed forces and groups can move in all directions, like ships at sea. Lines of communications are almost as fluid in the desert as they are at sea. It is almost as unimportant to capture a row of dunes in the desert as it would be to "capture" a wave on the high seas. Battles in the desert are primarily battles of annihilation. It is often unimportant in what direction the running battle moves, as long as the enemy is being destroyed. In the desert one may easily win a battle moving toward one's own rear.

Because of the lack of protection afforded by the terrain, desert battles usually take less time than battles fought in normal surroundings. They often last only a few hours. This is their other similarity with sea battles. However, conditions of terrain and climate apply more or less equally to both sides battling at this time in Libya. Britain, German, and Italian alike are thirsty and hot. Natives may suffer slightly less from the heat, but they are just as thirsty as the Europeans.

IT IS in the following two respects that the British imperial forces have a great advantage over the Axis forces. The British have numerical superiority in men and material. And in the Royal Navy the British also have both a powerful and ever-present guardian of their northern flank and an elastic and "unseverable" line of supply. This numerical superiority obtains on all sectors of the front which, judging by the length of its base (Sollum—Giarabub), is about 150 miles long. The effects of the navy, however, are limited, as far as the protection of the imperial flank is concerned, to a coastal strip as wide as the range of the biggest gun of the biggest British man-of-war. As far as supplies are concerned, the British navy can make its effect felt along a wider strip of coastal territory. Such a strip would be about as wide as the reach of the imperial mobile units' own supply apparatus, or about 100 miles.

Thus we see that of the three operative lines the British can use—the coastal route, Bardia-Tobruk-Derna-Bengazi, enjoys the full advantage of the cooperation of the British navy; the middle road, Capuzzo-El Mekili-Bengazi, enjoys partial naval cooperation; and the inland route, Maddalena-Bab-es-Serir-Agheila, has to be supplied by purely land means.

In conclusion it may be said that all the above considerations may be well and good, but that the main thing is numerical and material superiority over the enemy, desert or no desert. This, in a way, is clearly demonstrated by the calendar of the Libyan campaigns of a year ago.

Roughly, the British advance from Sidi Barrani in Egypt to El Agheila on the Gulf of Sidra (some 400 miles) took exactly two months (Dec. 10 to Feb. 9, 1941). Around March 1 German panzer units and other troops appeared on the scene. Bengazi, which had been taken by the British on February 8, was recaptured by the Germans on April 4. After that it took the Germans only ten days to race to and take Sollum on the Egyptian border (it had taken the British seventy days to advance from Sollum to Bengazi, with the help of the navy which the Germans lacked completely). On the other hand, it had taken the British twenty-six days to capture Bardia early in 1941, while this time it took them only five days to take it. All this shows that the important thing is to have definite superiority in numbers and equipment.

This superiority the British now undoubtedly have. They have probably some fifteen divisions, of which at least three or four are armored. They have the best American light and medium tanks (13½-ton and 28-ton), as well as some of the newest American fighters and bombers.

Against them the Axis has no more than fourteen divisions, of which only 1½ or 2 are "reduced" German panzer divisions, and 2 probably German motorized divisions. The rest are Italian.

It is probable that the Axis Command has not put all of its troops in the advanced positions on the Egyptian border and that only five or six Italo-German divisions are being annihilated now in the triangle Bardia-Sidi Omar-Tobruk. After this battle is over, it may be expected that the British will be able to match the tempo of von Rommel's march of April last and reach Bengazi in the first week of December. They should greet the year 1942 on the border of Tunisia.

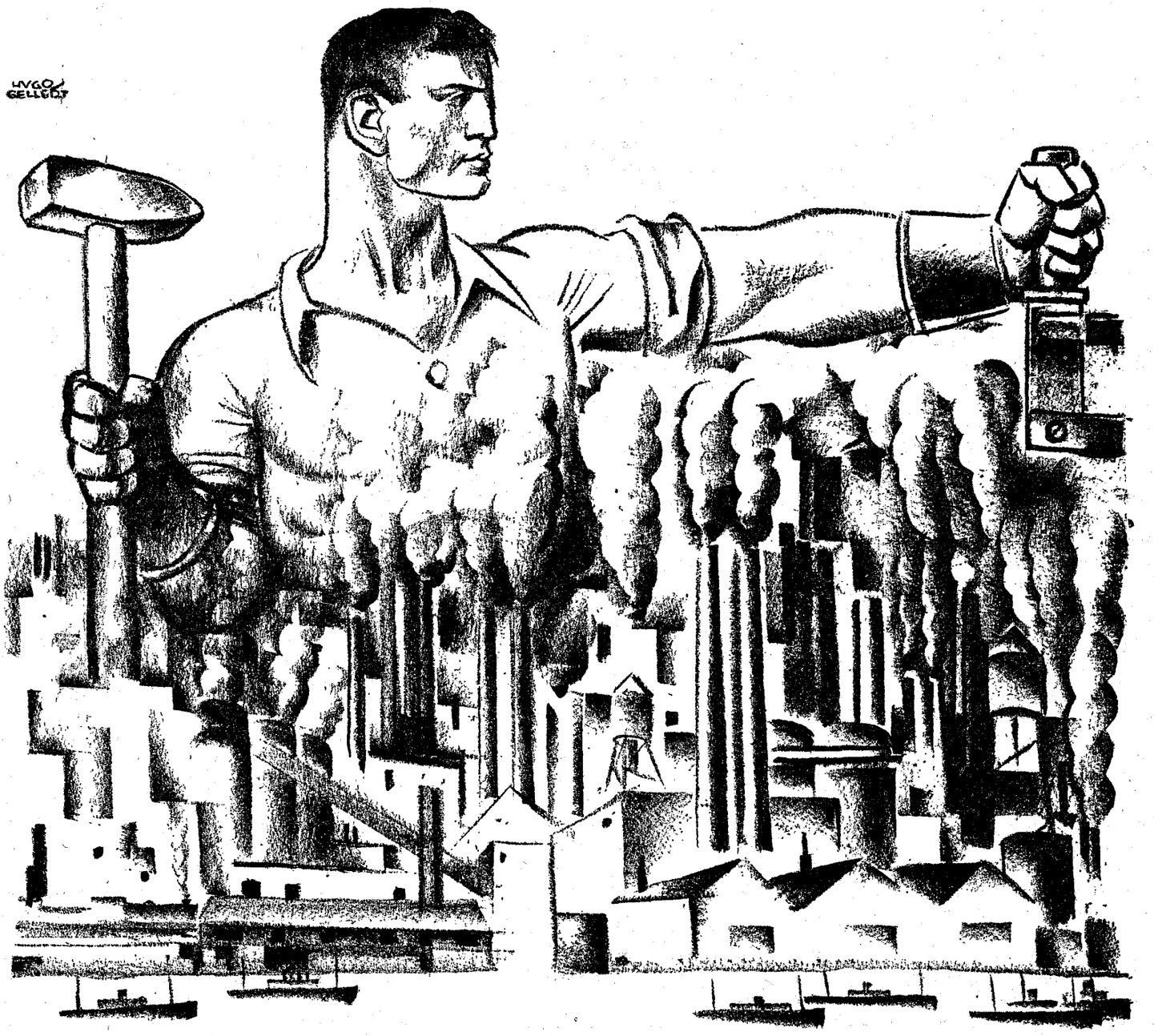
WHAT IS THE EFFECT of the Libyan campaign on the German-Soviet front? As far as the fighting on land is concerned—the effect is for the time being limited, because even if the Germans could afford to move troops away from the Eastern Front they would not be able to get them into Africa now. As far as the air is concerned, it is possible that the Germans will move some Luftwaffe units from the Eastern Front to Africa. They will probably send into battle all they can spare from Italy, Sicily, the Balkans, and the so-called western front.

In comparison with the Eastern Front the Libyan campaign so far is a relatively small operation with some thirty divisions involved, as compared to five or six hundred divisions in the East. But it is better than nothing at all. Furthermore, it may assume importance when the British reach Tunisia and get into position for an attack on Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica—the stepping stones for a smash at Italy. The Libyan campaign may end up at the Brenner Pass. But the Brenner is still 2,000 miles away. If Libya is a "second front," it is only a "second best front," but a front which has great possibilities. In the meanwhile, the Red Army and Navy has to hold the Nazi tiger while the British twist his tail.

COLONEL T.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MEANING OF THE CIO CONVENTION



A drawing by Hugo Gellert, from the UAA Victory Calendar

The representatives of 5,000,000 working men and women unite on the paramount issue of foreign policy. Philip Murray's stature. An estimate of the meeting by A. B. Magil.

Detroit.

THE big sign outside the city hall read: "Welcome President Murray and Delegates of the CIO National Convention." It wasn't always like that. I can remember the days, not so long ago, when labor men were welcomed with blackjacks and jail sentences in this motor city. And now for the first time the whole of official Detroit, including that part of it which constitutes the Ford empire, and all of the people of Detroit could shake hands with the CIO. For Detroit is just about the biggest CIO town there is, and there's a new look in the eyes of men and women who only yesterday were frightened and little against the towering open shop.

But the 500-odd delegates to the fourth convention of the CIO had come not so much to rejoice in victories won as to set their course for days to come—days of storm not only for labor, but for the common folk everywhere. A man named Hitler was hovering over the world, threatening to make the universe into one vast open shop, with gunmen and spies hunting down all who dared speak up for a decent wage and a bit of freedom. And so, whatever organizing the CIO would do in the future—and there were millions still to be brought into the union ranks—there was one main organizing job that the labor movement had to tackle in order to live and grow: the job of organizing the defeat of Hitlerism. There were some who didn't see it that way. There were even a few men of power and influence in the councils of labor who were inclined to tolerate and connive with the Hitler stoolpigeons in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this country. And on the eve of the CIO convention it wasn't at all certain that in one way or another they wouldn't prevail.

Never before has the convention of a national trade union body been so completely dominated by an issue that was not purely a labor question, but one involving national policy in the largest sense. At past conventions of the CIO or its affiliated unions resolutions were adopted on foreign affairs, but they were always part of a large number of resolutions covering a variety of questions. Often there were delegates who objected even to a discussion of foreign policy on the ground that this was introducing an extraneous issue that had nothing to do with the bread-and-butter business that they regarded as the sole concern of unions.

But at this gathering of the representatives of 5,000,000 working men and women there could be no doubt what the paramount issue was. Not a single delegate even ventured to dispute the assertion of Pres. Philip Murray that the foreign policy resolution "transcends in importance any other question which may come before this convention in that the decision of the convention upon this resolution and upon this report will have its effect in the homes of millions of people throughout the United States, and its obvious repercussions in all of the countries throughout the world." This fact alone is of historic significance. For if the emergence of the CIO marked the coming of age of the American working class in the battle against economic servitude, the emphasis which this convention placed on foreign policy and the decision it made, together with the similar decision of the recent AFL convention, marks the coming age of the American working class as the force unifying the nation in its fight to remain a nation, independent and free.

And on this question there could be no doubt that issues overshadowed men; the collective will proved mightier than the will of any individual. Here too was a landmark, an evidence of the new maturity of the CIO and American labor. One year ago John L. Lewis had greater authority and prestige than any American labor leader in years, his name practically synonymous with the CIO. When Lewis chose to step down from the presidency, it was a hesitant Phil Murray, his close associate and chief lieutenant in the United Mine Workers, who assumed leadership of an organization that seemed to be splitting into irreconcilable factions. And despite divergences on foreign policy, the shadow of Lewis during the past year hung heavily over Murray. Particularly after the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union, there was no question where the overwhelming majority of the CIO rank and file, including the members of the UMW, stood on the central issue of our time. But the CIO leadership took no official stand, lacking what it regarded as a clearcut mandate from the membership.

SHORTLY before the convention, events conspired to strengthen Lewis' position. Thanks to the intractability of the owners of the captive mines and the assistance given them by the National Defense Mediation Board, there was a real danger that the Lewis forces would be able to maneuver the convention into adopting a compromise that would constitute a victory for the appeasers. This would have been a major catastrophe, a shattering blow at President Roosevelt's whole anti-Hitler program. The front-page headline in Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*: "American Labor, Stand by Lewis," was an ominous signpost. And on that first day, when the captive mine strike dominated the convention, things looked black. Every delegate was a house divided. He was wholeheartedly for the miners' demands, yet he knew the strike was holding up urgently needed defense production, providing a pretext for the labor-baiters in Congress, and endangering a forthright declaration on foreign policy. A pall hung over the convention hall.

The tipoff as to the convention sentiment came on that first day when Murray, during his opening address, got his biggest applause for a statement supporting President Roosevelt's foreign policy. That night the resolutions committee voted fourteen to four (with John L.'s daughter, Kathryn, leading the minority) for a statement which declared that the CIO regards it "of paramount importance to the security of this nation that we immediately furnish all possible aid to and completely cooperate with Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, which are the nations now carrying on the struggle to rid the world of Nazism, the enemy of mankind, and thereby bring about the military annihilation of Hitler's regime." The resolution furthermore stated: "Efforts of any such as Lindbergh to disunite the American people on such un-American issues as anti-Semitism must be ferreted out and exposed as Hitler's fifth column. The American people demand that all aides of Hitler in this country, be they our own home-grown Quislings or the representatives of his puppet states, such as Vichy France, must not be permitted to cause dissension or sow their seeds of disunity in this nation."

When debate on the resolution opened the next day, there was never any doubt as to how the vote would go. The Lewis forces proved to be a mere handful, limited to most (though not all) the UMW delegates, the delegates of the Construction Workers Organizing Committee, headed by A. D. (Denny) Lewis, John L.'s brother, and a few regional appointees. Sensing the mood of the majority, they did not dare bring in a resolution of their own or even speak or vote against the one on the floor. They confined themselves to surly personal demonstrations against Murray, refusing for three days to join in any applause for him, and to strong-arm tactics outside the convention hall. But as Reid Robinson, president of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, said when he was assaulted in the lobby of the Statler Hotel: "The goons can win the fist fights. We'll win the convention." And the representatives of the men and women of the CIO did just that most emphatically. When George Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers, spoke for the anti-Hitler resolution, it was clear that the isolation of the Lewis men was complete. For the UAW, at its Buffalo convention several months ago, had adopted precisely the kind of compromise statement which, it was reported, Lewis would have favored for the CIO gathering. But now the leaders of the auto workers too had moved forward and committed themselves fully to the unrelenting battle against Hitlerism.

Back home the miners weren't letting any grass grow under them. Thirty-seven local unions in California, Pa., representing both captive and commercial mines, sent a resolution to the convention demanding the union shop, but also declaring that "we the miners are 100 percent for President Roosevelt's foreign policies and national defense" and "we the miners support 100 percent Philip Murray's CIO program." They were not alone. At the opening of the convention's fourth day Murray remarked pointedly that "if these wires coming in from our members and from workers in American industry mean anything, they indicate that insofar as the telegrams themselves are concerned that American workers are supporting the position taken by the president of this organization on the question of foreign policy 100 percent, because there has not been a single dissenting telegram forwarded to the convention."

TO WHAT EXTENT foreign policy absorbed the interest of those present was illustrated at a press conference of Negro delegates which I attended, held at the office of the *Michigan Chronicle*, local Negro newspaper. Instead of a press conference, there developed a virtual debate on foreign policy. On one side was Hank Johnson, former progressive and now part of the Lewis machine in District 50, United Mine Workers. On the other were Ferdinand Smith, secretary of the National Maritime Union, and Ewart Guinier, vice-president of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America. Johnson, an extremely articulate man, argued evasively, seeking to make it appear that the issue was one of defending democracy at home as against defending it abroad. But Smith and Guinier handled this sophistry with great skill and had Johnson very much on the defensive. Another Negro delegate, Ebb Cox, representative of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee in Birmingham, put the feeling of the Negro miners succinctly when he said: "In Alabama the miners are backing Lewis on the captive mine issue, but they are for President Roosevelt on the war."

I might add parenthetically that there was no disposition at the convention to sacrifice civil liberties and the workers' economic welfare on the pretext that this was necessary for national defense. On the contrary, it was repeatedly emphasized not only in resolutions,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Labor is America, America is labor"—Philip Murray.

but in leading speeches that the defense of democracy and the people's well-being at home were indispensable to the successful struggle against the Nazi menace.

In addition to foreign policy, two other major questions came before the convention: defense production and organization of the unorganized. The delegates took the basic position that "The CIO and its affiliated unions are firmly resolved to do all in their power in cooperating with industry and government to obtain a maximum efficiency in production toward the successful prosecution of our national defense program." And the CIO does not cooperate in mere words, but has practical proposals to help achieve maximum production. There is an entire section in President Murray's report dealing with this problem, and the convention adopted a statement discussing in detail the causes of lagging arms production and how they can be eliminated.

The CIO believes the basic defect in our defense setup—a defect which is seriously hampering output—is the failure to involve labor in the planning and organization of production. At the convention President Murray repeatedly appealed for the full utilization of labor's abilities. In his acceptance speech after his reelection to the CIO presidency, he addressed himself directly to President Roosevelt and the nation's industrialists: "You, Mr. President; you, Mr. Businessman, we are calling upon you from this convention today. Accept us in good faith, sit around the industry council table with us, perfect your programs of expansion with us, join with us and consult us with reference to accelerated production, give us an administrative part in the development of these great projects, because when you talk of labor in America, you talk of America—labor is America, America is labor." The reference to "the industry council table" was to the specific proposal which the CIO has made for creating the machinery to develop top production: the Murray Plan for joint management-labor councils in every defense industry.

BUT despite these excellent statements, it must be said that the convention did not fully come to grips with the production problem. The discussion was largely formal, and with few exceptions the delegates failed to show that passionate concern with the problem which is necessary if America's enormous industrial potential is to be converted into the tanks and planes and guns that will crush Hitlerism. In general, throughout the proceedings there was a tendency to regard foreign policy, defense production, and the organization of the unorganized as three separate categories rather than as interrelated aspects of the single central problem of smashing for all time the greatest threat to American labor and the American people.

On the specific question of organizing the unorganized the convention carried on the magnificent traditions of the CIO. Since the last convention two bulwarks of anti-unionism, Ford and Little Steel, have fallen before the CIO. As one who lived in Detroit in the dark days and saw the Ford system in operation, I know what it means to have brought unionism to the more than 100,000 serfs of King Henry. During the course of the convention the delegates had an opportunity to visit the Ford plant at River Rouge as the guests of the company. The men I saw working on the assembly line—working at a normal pace, wearing their union buttons, joking with the visitors—were different men from the Ford workers I used to know. And after Ford and Little Steel, this fourth national convention of the CIO decided that its number one organizing job for the next year is the South. There will also be intensive efforts in the aviation, oil and chemical industries, but the main objective will be to organize the South. The southern delegates held a special conference on the question and plans are already under way. The drive in the South will necessarily involve the problem of breaking down racial barriers, and the delegates showed that they intend to face that issue squarely. And cracking the industrial South is going to have its repercussions on the agricultural South, on the entire region where democracy is only a name for an anti-democratic political machine.

A FEW WORDS on Philip Murray. I said that at this convention issues overshadowed men, but issues, after all, speak through flesh and blood. Phil Murray grew visibly in the course of the convention and emerged as the unquestioned leader of the CIO. Even the miners' and construction workers' delegates were at the end compelled to give up their surly blockade against him and accord him the respect due the leader of this mighty movement for industrial unionism. In a speech that Murray made at a banquet given in his honor Thanksgiving Day, he revealed his new stature. It is a pity this speech was not reported in the press or taken down stenographically, for it was by all odds the most impressive statement made during the entire week. Murray spoke of the visit he had paid in the company of Ford officials to a new bomber plant Ford is building which will employ 60,000 workers and produce 9,000 bombers a year. The plant means two things: more organization for the CIO and more bombers to fight Nazism. Murray tied up the two, expressing his faith in the ability of the American workers to out-produce and defeat Hitler and "help build for the people of the world a better world." It is the faith of the CIO, of the whole of American labor. Those millions will do the job.

A. B. MAGIL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DOLLARS THAT HELP HITLER

Bruce Minton tells how certain "neutral" countries use their funds in this country to supply the Nazi war machine. Who is responsible for the financial leaks?

Washington.

THE government of the United States has attempted to stop any aid to Hitler. But no action so far has proved sufficiently effective. Congress is evidently unaware of the facts. For while pledging itself to unremitting struggle against Nazism, Washington is pursuing in at least one instance a course which in effect lends help to Germany's war production. Though President Roosevelt has issued an order to prevent the Axis powers from utilizing dollar exchange, though an export control supposedly cuts off the flow of goods to Germany and Italy, the leaks are still there.

Today, under the guise of being "neutral," four European countries are using their dollar funds in American banks to import materials from North and South America, which in large part find their way to Germany. Even worse, dollars credited to these "neutrals" help finance Nazi propaganda throughout the Western Hemisphere, and help buy increased Nazi influence in Turkey, the Far East, and South America.

A week ago I. F. Stone in *PM* told the ugly story of continued oil shipments to Spain, destined for German fighting planes and bombers. Shipments include aviation gasoline and aviation lubricating oil for which the Nazis have such a crying need. Lamentably, oil shipments are only *one* instance of vital materials reaching the Nazis. The leaks are far greater and they occur day by day, hour by hour. These abuses could be stopped by the stroke of a pen.

THIS PARTICULAR STORY starts back on June 14, 1941. On that day, President Roosevelt finally froze the funds of Germany and Italy, and of all other continental European powers. Until then, only the funds of countries occupied by Germany had been frozen; Germany and Italy could still use their nationals' dollar balances stored in the banks of this country with perfect freedom. With the President's order, however, this freedom ended; they were no longer able to spend the dollars in their US accounts. Simultaneously, the funds of Finland, Poland, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, the USSR, and others were placed under strict supervision.

So far as the United States interests went, officials told the press, there was "little concern regarding accounts clearly labeled as Italian or German." They could be watched easily enough. Greatest attention was devoted to "borderline cases, or accounts in which there might be sudden or suspicious withdrawals, whether or not there appeared to be any relation to Axis powers immediately involved."

The primary responsibility for enforcing the freezing order is vested in the Treasury Department, specifically in the Foreign Funds Control headed by John W. Pehle, assistant to the Secretary. But regulating the actions of the Control is a high policy committee composed of representatives from the Treasury, Justice, and State Departments, with the Federal Reserve Board sending an observer. The policy committee was never officially appointed; it has no legal standing in the administrative setup. But its decisions are considered final and it determines all actions relating to foreign funds. And when it comes to policy, the State Department has by far the greatest influence, since it is responsible to the President for American relations with foreign countries. The representatives from the State Department bully the other committee members into following a course close to the hearts of certain men still influential in the Department. It is well known that the ornate building on Pennsylvania Avenue, just across from the President's office, houses an appeasement-minded clique. This small reactionary cabal is aware that its handling of foreign funds is not displeasing to the Axis.

Almost immediately after the President's freezing decree, the Germans invaded the USSR. Thereupon the President released Soviet funds. All other countries remained on the restricted list. But not every country was subject to the same treatment. And thereby hangs the story of how the Axis has benefited.

When funds were frozen on June 14, German and Italian credits in this country could not be touched unless some petitioner persuaded the Foreign Funds Control to issue a special license for a set sum to be spent in a specified manner. Special licenses were hard to get. A few were issued to individuals and to certain corporations to meet payrolls in this country or to discharge living expenses incurred by refugees or businessmen. Some licenses were permitted for the transfer of funds to parents and relatives of American citizens living in Axis-dominated countries, and even in Germany and Italy. The sums involved were very small (usually not over $200 a month in any one case).

But the real evasion of the freezing order comes about in an entirely different manner. Whereas German and Italian funds cannot be touched without a special license, the four self-styled neutral countries of Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal were granted general licenses at the time their funds were impounded. In other words, they were allowed complete freedom to use American dollars so long as they promised not to aid or abet the Axis powers. After all, went the argument, these nations are neutral, and cannot legitimately be punished for nothing. To freeze their funds completely might drive them into the arms of Germany and Italy.

These general licenses, to repeat, allow the four so-called neutrals to buy anything they want to buy in the United States, subject supposedly to export control. They can transfer their funds as they see fit—except, of course, directly to the Axis powers. It did not take the Nazis more than a few moments to see the main chance. If nothing else, the Nazis are extremely realistic when it comes to evasion and ruse. They immediately began to take advantage of the privileges allowed the "neutral" nations, to bring immense benefit to the Reich.

Actually, the maintenance of general licenses indicates that at best this policy is based on an illusion. The premise is that Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Sweden are not involved in the European war. They are certainly not active belligerents with armies in the field—unless one remembers the "volunteers" used by the Germans and Finns on the western front. But just how "neutral" are these nations?

Here it is necessary to recall to mind the fact that the Nazis have never been overly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(A) Exports from US to "Neutral" Countries

(in thousands of dollars)

	August 1940	July 1941	August 1941	8 months ending August 1941
Portugal	987	936	1,389	10,572
Spain	762	1,354	1,994	10,295
Sweden	1,804	3,321	201	11,415
Switzerland	71	1,065	978	7,029

(B) Exports from Argentina and Brazil to "Neutral" Countries

	From Argentina (in pesos)	From Brazil (in US Dollars)	
	First nine months, 1941	1938 (12 months)	1941 (7 months) Approximate
Portugal	1,800,000	1,803,000	975,000
Spain	50,000,000	338,000	2,363,000
Sweden	6,200,000	6,349,000	1,055,000
Switzerland	12,600,000	545,000	504,000

(C) Balances of "Neutral" Countries in the US

	Short term balance, as of Feb. 26, 1941	Long term investments, as of 1939
Switzerland	$489,500,000	$746,000,000
Sweden	222,000,000	46,000,000
Spain	negligible	14,000,000
Portugal	negligible	2,000,000

bothered by considerations of ethics, honesty, or decency. Anyone who has read a newspaper during the last few years admits that there are no limits to which Hitler and his lieutenants will not go to get something they need. They do not hesitate to use any sort of "persuasion."

WITH THIS IN MIND, examine the position of the four "neutrals." Sweden is completely surrounded by the Nazis, completely cut off from the rest of the world. Switzerland is likewise a prisoner of the Axis. Spain is ruled by Franco, who owes his very existence to Mussolini and Hitler. Portugal is fairly well isolated, with a large Nazi movement, a fascist dictator in command, and close ties to Spain. *None of these nations is or can possibly be considered neutral in anything but name.* Either by choice or by necessity, their governments are as completely dominated by Hitler as they would be if they were occupied by Nazi soldiers.

Moreover, Sweden now boasts a favorable balance of trade. All commerce is with Germany and the occupied territories. Sweden depends solely on Germany for many raw materials—coal, foodstuffs, and other basic requirements. Manufactured goods from Swedish factories, except for what goes into the home market, plus iron and a great deal of foodstuffs, find their way to the Reich, or to Germany's satellites. Large shipments of food and war materials have gone to Finland. There has been such a substantial increase of exports that Sweden now has a favorable trade balance—that is, Germany owes Sweden more than shipments from Germany to Sweden can repay.

The same is true of Switzerland. Germany controls the Swiss machine industry. One of Germany's largest corporations, I. G. Farbenindustrie—the dye trust—owns a huge branch in Switzerland. The country is an island in an Axis ocean, totally dependent on Germany and Italy. Its favorable trade balance tells the story identical with Sweden's.

There is no reason to argue the case of Franco Spain. Portugal, nominally an English outpost, has, since the Spanish war, fallen more and more under Axis domination. Today, like Spain, it serves as a port of entry to Europe—and therefore to Germany and Italy.

So we come to the main point. These nations cannot be considered separately from our attitude toward the Axis. Every transaction carried on by these nations must be suspected of benefiting the Nazis. There is no basis for giving them the benefit of the doubt.

What about such transactions? Since the freezing order went into effect, the Department of Commerce has released trade figures (see table A above) for the months of July and August 1941. Exports from the US to Portugal and Spain rose in August over July, and for both these countries, as well as for Switzerland, they were higher in August of this year than they were for the same month in 1940. Only Sweden showed a sudden drop in August —and Sweden has become almost inaccessible by water.

And then there is another angle on this business of indirect aid for Hitler, namely, the exports which leading South American nations, such as Argentina and Brazil, are sending to the "neutral" nations I have been discussing. This is a complicated matter, of course, since these countries are not at war with each other, nor does our government's action in freezing the Axis funds in any way bind the other nations of the hemisphere to act in harmony with our own policy. Nevertheless, the figures show remarkable increases in South American trade with Hitler; and sooner or later the question has to be asked: is there going to be a joint hemisphere policy or isn't there? Cannot our government discuss these matters amicably with Argentina and Brazil, or shall we permit their trade to nullify our effort to embargo the Axis?

The figures show what a serious problem this is. Exports to the four "neutral" nations of Europe for the first nine months of 1941 from Argentina and Brazil are by no means negligible (Table B).

From Brazil, the amounts for the first seven months were far higher than they were in 1938 (again except Sweden). Thus Brazil—to approximate for purpose of comparison the figures over a year's period—exported to Spain nearly twelve times as much by value as it did three years ago, to Switzerland about twice the former amount, to Portugal about the same, and only Sweden fell off severely.

From Argentina, the "neutrals" received cotton, wheat, corn, and meat; from Brazil, cotton, textiles, coffee, mica, industrial diamonds, and quartz crystals. The three last items are indispensable to a highly industrialized economy. It is impossible to say what the "neutrals" received from America—though we know that Spain has been getting oil. But every import made by these "neutrals" cannot be considered their property alone. Is it logical to think that the Nazis, searching desperately for food, oil, textiles, industrial materials of all kinds, will keep hands off anything the "neutrals" import? That has not been their way in the occupied territories. Vital goods are coveted by Hitler, and for Hitler, to covet is merely preliminary to seizure. The dispossessed are nations too weak and small and isolated to resist. In addition, it is stretching credulity too far to believe that the importing "neutrals" buy merely to suit their own needs; their purchases are without doubt dictated by Berlin.

Of far greater significance, however, the "neutrals'" access to dollars has buoyed Hitler. The Nazis can force vassal countries to turn over dollar credits to Germany in exchange for reichsmarks or even for French occupation marks. Naturally, such transactions are not made public; they appear in no books open to American scrutiny. But dollars credited to Swiss or Swedish accounts have been transferred to Spain and Portugal and South America, where they find their way into the hands of Nazi agents. There has been much talk of large payments

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the Nazis to their agents for the purpose of financing fascist and treasonable propaganda abroad. Where does the money come from? No doubt, in many instances, American dollars buy pamphlets spreading anti-Semitism, bigotry, treason, "peace talk," and appeasement throughout Latin America, Mexico, and even the United States.

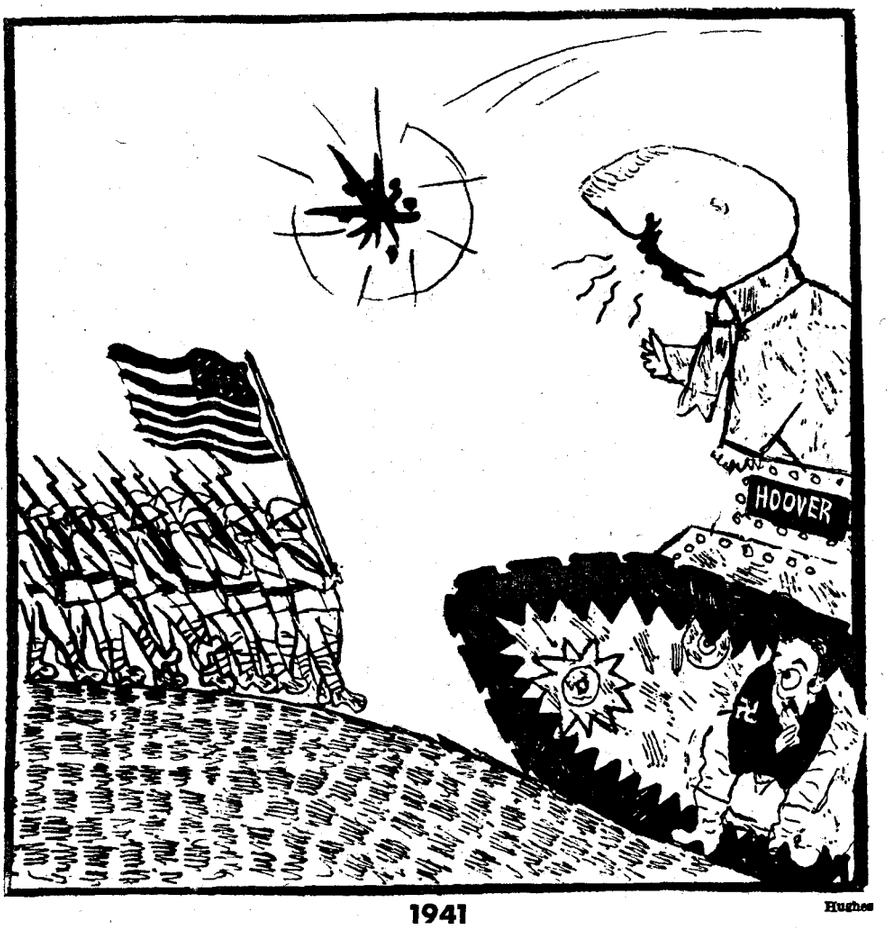
The sums involved are imposing. (Table (C) According to Washington's Foreign Funds Control, Switzerland had, at the time of the freezing order, over $1,000,000,000 to its credit in America, and Sweden had $250,000,000. A government official told me that there can be no doubt that Hitler has been forcing neutrals to relinquish their credits to Germany—because such credits make for easier trade between Germany, and, for example, Turkey and Japan, and besides they are important in improving German relations with the South American republics. *The general licenses that the "neutrals" still possess, ostensibly for use only for their own requirements, in reality bolster German trade, German propaganda, German influence.*

HOW CAN THIS HAPPEN? How can Spain be allowed to benefit from a general license when it is known that Lati, the Italian airline service from Brazil, refuels at the Spanish Canary Islands while carrying industrial diamonds to Axis factories?

The three-department policy committee answers that it is trying to watch the use of dollar credits. It cannot be *sure* that these countries are aiding the Axis, since they promised not to do so, nor can the committee be *sure* that imports by the "neutrals" go to Germany and Italy. This plea of uncertainty begs the question. This is an all-out war. There is no room for guess work or for wishful thinking. How dare the policy makers take a chance if there remains a shadow of a doubt?

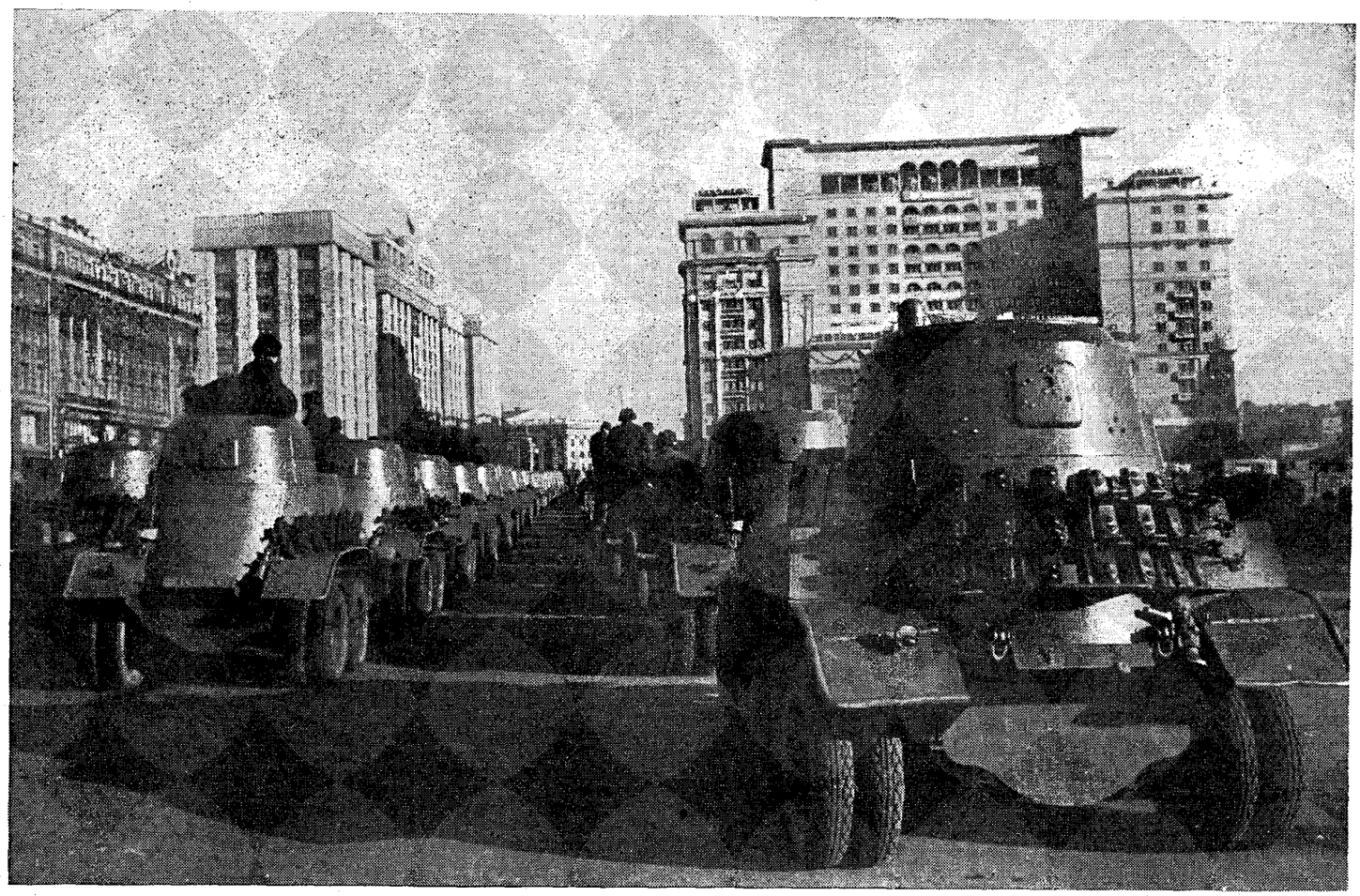
To all this there is a simple solution. The Foreign Funds Control can revoke general licenses tomorrow. The use of dollars can be stopped at once. There are many in Washington who agree that the recent granting of export control licenses permitting oil to go to Franco Spain raises the question of who is responsible, and why such appeasers remain in position of trust. The continuation of general licenses to countries whose vassalage to the Nazis cannot be questioned, emphasizes the urgency of finding out why the wishes of the American people are distorted and disregarded. There is a growing demand here for a congressional investigation that will place the blame where it belongs for the granting of export licenses on war materials going to an Axis stooge like Franco, and for the continued lack of enforcement of the President's decree freezing funds so that the Nazis cannot use "the financial facilities of the United States in ways harmful to national defense." The fight against Hitler is too critically serious for this country to allow a few high-placed bureaucrats to give comfort to the enemy. BRUCE MINTON.

1932



1941

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RUSSIA'S FACTORY FRONT

Feodor Gladkov, author of the noted Soviet novel "Cement," visits a large engineering works in the Urals. Assembling machines in eleven hours instead of the usual twenty. Initiative, speed, greater production.

Moscow (by cable).

ONE of the Stakhanovite workers at the Urals Engineering Works, a man with a concentrated and somewhat gloomy look, smiled when I turned the conversation to the nature of the present war. At first he seemed very thoughtful, as if trying to solve some difficult question, and his smile showed that he had found the answer and was surprised at its simplicity and clarity.

"Many people judge this war by their experiences in the last one," he told me. "Nothing could be more wrong. This war is different, it's different in everything—in weapons and strategy. You see, first of all, this is a war of machines and that's why every minute I feel that I am taking direct part in the fighting and that victory depends on me."

This was said by one of many workers who feel very keenly the great responsibility placed on them by their country, and realize how tremendously important their work at the plant is for the fighting front. That's why every worker and engineer in the plant considers it his chief task to increase the daily output of machines. Theirs is a struggle that grows more intense with every day and every hour. It has extended to all shops and now involves hundreds of people, who are making a supreme effort to ensure a constant flow of materiel.

You can feel the breath of war in the huge shops. Things have changed beyond recognition; not only things, but men too. The scope and tempo of the work is astounding to veteran workers, oldtimers who have gone through the eventful years of economic construction with their constant struggle for record output and new production quotas that upset all theories of capacity limits. Before the war this plant produced high-powered heavy machinery for Soviet industry. Now it turns out mighty fighting machines. The work of fulfilling the heavy production program has developed into one concerted and magnificent effort. It is like a battle, with every man pulling his full weight so that his particular job may be completed ahead of schedule. I have seen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brigades turning out double their quota. And I have seen men working without regard for time, refusing to take a rest. They were all moved by one desire—to keep up the pace and win. They pledged a constant supply of ready machines to crush the enemy and they are keeping their word. The capacity of all machines has increased and the machines themselves seem alive. They have been made to produce more by people who feel themselves frontline fighters and know that the Red Army strength depends upon them.

KUTSIN and his brigade of assembly workers often remain in the shops for three or four days on end. Kutsin himself never goes home, and gets snatches of sleep between rush jobs. Twenty days ago he took a few hours off to meet his wife who came to join him at the plant, but since then he hasn't seen her at all. Kutsin's brigade is no exception. Other brigades have assembled machines in eleven or twelve hours instead of the ordinary twenty. Time and again they are told to take a rest. "Human endurance does have its limits," is sometimes the argument advanced to persuade them. "Nothing of the kind!" is the rough and ready answer. "You won't see us leave, until we finish the job. Every hour lost by us means so much fighting strength lost. We have made up our minds to assemble these machines in seven hours instead of twenty and we're going to do it." These men were talking business. They knew how to do it, and in seven hours machines were assembled.

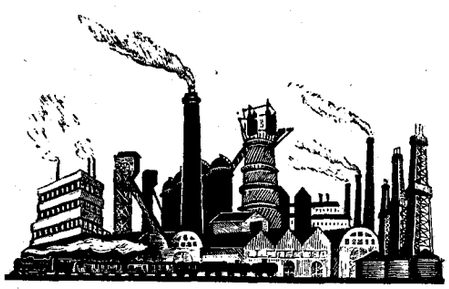
Electric welding is one of the most difficult and timetaking jobs. Leaders get sore eyes, sweat runs down the whole body, and hair becomes a mass of grayish wool. But they stick to it, leaving instruments only for short intervals to wash and put some drops into the eyes. Welding requires dexterity, high skill, and time. Ordinarily, welding heavy machine parts took about twenty-four hours, but now the brigades do the job in eight or nine hours at the most. There are dozens of such brigades in every shop, and the story of each of them is an epic in itself.

One thing that stands out in this great work is the number of rationalization proposals and inventions made by the workers. Certainly these achievements would be impossible without constant rationalization, perfection, and simplification of machines. Ever since the war started, the number of workers devoting themselves to improving methods and equipment has grown tremendously. Many of them don't bother to register their inventions. "Who wants a patent while the war is on? We want to get the job done and not simply make lots of noise."

But still more interesting is that out of 1,450 registered inventions, 800 already have been put into operation and have saved the plant some 4,000,000 rubles. For the most part, these rationalization proposals come from workers and machine designers. They result in accumulated experience and vital interest in the job. Every inventor tests his invention before submitting it, and often you'll find men staying after their shift is over to think out some detail or test some new part.

The October program was fulfilled successfully: the plant produced three times as many machines as September and twenty times more than August. Yes, these are real heroes of labor, true patriots of our country. They are frontline fighters, and today when the enemy approaches Moscow and when the country is living through grim and trying days, the personnel of the Urals Engineering Works has determined not to rest content with its achievements. Every man is bent on increasing the output still more, and the drive to produce more fighting machines is only just beginning.

FEODOR GLADKOV.



SHOLOKHOV TALKS TO THE PRISONERS

Moscow (by cable).

THE battalion was dispatched from Paris for the East, carrying with it all manner of things looted in France. At Minsk the lorries had to be abandoned for lack of gasoline, and the men walked to the front. Intoxicated with German victories and French wine, they marched along Byelo-Russia's rough roads, shouting their obscene songs. Then the partisan fighters harassed them day and night, on march and at rest. In six days the battalion lost some forty men, killed or wounded in skirmishes with the guerrillas. The dispatch rider sent to headquarters disappeared, as did a large number of privates and one corporal who ventured into a neighboring village in search of food for the Nazis.

When the battalion entered devastated villages, the inhabitants fled to hide in the forests. Those who were caught by the Germans showed less fear than anger and hatred. No, this was not France. . . . In the Nazi party was a twenty-year-old tankman who had served in France, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The other day his tank was wrecked by hand grenades. He jumped out of the machine and opened fire, but was wounded by four bullets. This lad's behavior is insolent rather than brave, a show-off sort of defiance. He repeats the usual stock phrases about the "superiority of the German race" and the weakness of the English, French, and Slavic peoples. No, this is not a human being, it is a pie with bad filling. He is confident of German victory and repeats, with dull, idiotic stubbornness, "By winter our army will be finished with you and come down with full force on England. England must perish!" But, we ask him, what if Russia and England finish with Germany? "That can never be, the fuehrer said that we will conquer!" He is hopelessly corrupted by Nazi propaganda—he never tires of killing. When taken prisoner he had just acquired his taste for murder and his liking for the sight of blood. Now he sits sullenly before us.

Six German prisoners, convoyed by Red Army men, came out of a tent and sat down on some branches. They were new prisoners, just brought here, yet their uniforms were patched and dirty and one man had boot soles fastened with wire. Infested with trench lice, they scratch themselves constantly. Only one of them, a dark, good-looking lad, was smiling; he turned to me and said, "The war is over as far as I am concerned, and believe me, I am glad to have been taken prisoner this way." These men seized upon food like wild beasts. When the interpreter reported that the seventh prisoner, who remained in the tent, had refused his food, we went in and found an elderly German soldier who stood at attention as we entered. Doesn't he want any dinner, we asked. His reply came in a voice trembling from excitement: "I am a peasant who was mobilized in July. In two months of war I have seen enough of the devastation caused by our army in the East. I can't sleep and I have no appetite. I know that we have devastated nearly all Europe and that Germany will have to pay dearly for all this. And not only that dog Hitler but all German people will have to pay. Do you understand?" He turned away and was silent. Yes—we understood.

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet Councilman CACCHIONE

The first Communist to achieve electoral office in New York City. The thousands of non-Communists who voted for him. Saga of a Brooklyn victory. January 5 and a certain resolution.

THE editors of this magazine asked me to call on Peter V. Cacchione, and when I got him on the phone and requested an appointment, he said, "Why don't you come out to dinner?" That was the first thing he said. Well, a man like that—a man who could grant an interview by asking his interviewer to dinner, is not the sort of a man you can call *Mr.* Cacchione. (Even with the V.) So we'll call him Pete from now on. Because that's what he's called.

Pete's election to New York's City Council is the victory of the people of Brooklyn, a borough equal in population to that of Philadelphia—the third largest city in the United States. This is not what Wendell Willkie would call "campaign propaganda." It is the literal truth, and you can figure it out for yourself, because none of the commercial newspapers will tell it to you.

"The Communist Party in Brooklyn," Pete said, "has about 5,000 members." Then he said no more. "You got 48,000 votes," I said. He smiled. Now you, dear reader, can take over from this point, and figure it out for yourself. If the Communist Party has only 5,000 members in Brooklyn, who would naturally be expected to vote for Pete, the other 43,000 votes were cast by people who (horrors, Mr. Quinn; horrors, Mr. Devaney) are *not* Communists. Political writers like to engage in breakdowns, so here is a breakdown: 5,000 goes into 43,000 a little over eight times. That means that eight times as many people—no, it's better this way: for every one real, live Communist who voted the Party ticket for Cacchione, 8.6 other voters marked the Man from Bensonhurst as their first, second, third, or what-have-you choice for councilman. This is not only a victory for the Communist Party, in finally getting itself and its members represented in the City Council; it is, preeminently, a victory for the People. Ordinary people. Working people. People who, even though not Communists, are aware of Mr. Cac—I mean, Pete's qualifications for the job of councilman. People aware that in Pete they have a man they can trust to represent them, even though they may not agree all along the line with what is commonly called his "political philosophy." (This is something, friends. This is America, Mr. Devaney, Mr. Quinn.)

BENSONHURST is a place—you do not *really* have to have a passport to get there. You merely take the BMT. And eventually you come to Bensonhurst, which is a large, sprawling community inhabited largely by people who work for a living, and therefore cannot afford to live on Park Avenue. There are innumerable worn-looking two- and three-family houses, where these people live, and in one of these three-family houses, lives Pete Cacchione with his charming wife, his elderly mother, his young son Bernard (named for Pete's father), sixteen months old, looking like his father and built like him. He's built like a pile-driver, and although he does not talk as yet, he makes anomalous noises that are very interesting.

Young Bernard kept turning on the radio all the time Pete and I were talking in the living room. Pete punctuated his remarks by admonitions to young Bernard to leave the radio alone, and by kisses. To which young Bernard merely responded by bringing me another of his toys, and turning on the radio again. That's the way he is. Alternately, he reached for the books in the bookcase, which Pete has had to shift to upper shelves. Volumes on the Italian people in Italy and America; the theoretical works of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, Engels; Soviet and American novels; books on China, the problems of national minority groups, books of plays and works on the drama.

For, to be a city councilman, to be the Communist Party's county chairman in the Borough of Brooklyn, you should understand and love people. And that's what Pete does. He got that way—understanding, loving—through a long (well, not so long, since he's only forty-four years old) and toil-worn path. The son of a cobbler and a peasant mother, one of ten children, Pete was born in this country and grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania, Sayre. His mother still lives there when she is not visiting her son and his family—incidentally, his mother does remarkable crocheting. Pete finished high school and then went to work. This was his work, in order of progression: he dug ditches; he built roads; he worked in steel mills; as a streetcar conductor; as a boilermaker; a riveter; and a trainman. After his spell in the United States army was over in 1918 (he enlisted and was sent to an officers' training school), he went back to the railroads as a brakeman, then got into shipbuilding and tried his hand at selling life insurance. He dropped this to go to Boulder Dam in 1931 ("to make my fortune" he said), but instead of making his fortune, he found himself dead broke and had to ride the rods back to New York.

In New York he was really on his uppers. He lived in flophouses for a time, and he took such an active interest in the organization of the unemployed councils in the flophouses that a stoolpigeon "fingered" him and he was tossed out on his ear. Nothing daunted, he devoted all his time to the organization of the unemployed councils, to helping organize the Ex-servicemen's League, and to participating in hunger and bonus marches on Washington, in behalf of the veterans, during 1933 and 1934. In 1936 he came to Brooklyn, after finding himself a young lady, recruiting her into the Communist Party, and promptly and logically marrying her.

This is the background of the Man from Bensonhurst who now finds himself on the City Council. "What in the world," I said, "does the City Council *do?*" Pete explained it to me at great length, but I still don't understand it, so perhaps you had better look up the City Charter. At any rate, it's a legislative body that passes resolutions, but cannot inaugurate legislation. It is intimately connected with the City Planning Commission, that is engaged in long-term plans for developing and improving the city—schools, hospitals, paving, sanitation, recreational facilities, etc. The City Council initiates ideas that are related to the work of the City Planning Commission, which is passed upon by the Board of Estimate. The Board of Estimate also passes upon the budget, approves the plans of the City Planning Commission, and these in turn are again referred to the City Council. Said council is empowered to authorize decreases in the budget, but not increases.

so with his long record of "agitating," under the aegis of the Communist Party, for every major and minor improvement the people of the City of New York would like to see ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gellert

complished, you can figure out yourself what sort of resolutions Pete is going to sponsor in the City Council, when he is seated on January 5. It goes without saying that since Pete campaigned on an anti-Hitler slogan, he is going to do his level best to see that New York becomes an all-out anti-Hitler town; an all-out defense town. And along with this, he is going to hammer on those aspects of civic improvement for which his Party has always worked. He wants more (not fewer) schools for the city's kids. He wans more (not fewer) teachers employed. ("A hell of a lot of substitutes were thrown out of work last year," he said. "I want to see them back.") He wants more playgrounds than the city administration has already provided. He wants more hospital services for the poor. He wants something more than speeches to be made about the conditions under which the Negro people live in this city, conditions which inevitably lead to disease and crime. He hails the elimination of non-essential city offices, held by Tammany hacks, but will stand for no "economy" measures that would curtail those educational, recreational, and civic services already functioning.

Here is a preview of his first resolution as he told it to me. "A resolution supporting the foreign policy of the administration, in giving all-out aid to the people fighting Hitlerism—to Britain, the Soviet Union, and to China.

"New York," Pete pointed out, "is a city of over 7,000,000 people, seventy percent of whom are either foreign-born or the children of foreign-born parents. The countries of origin of all these people have been taken over by Hitler—Italy, Austria, Denmark, Poland, Hungary, Greece, France, Norway, etc. It's about time the City Council of New York passed such a resolution."

"Has there ever been any discussion on such a resolution?" I asked.

"There has never *been* such a resolution," said Pete.

Echo answers.

But when Pete is seated, he will introduce that resolution, and the resolution will be passed, make no mistake about it.

"What do you think of your chances of being seated?" I said, vaguely aware that a movement is on foot to deny him a seat in the council. For it seems that the reactionary groups who took such a trimming in the last city election are out to prevent Pete from attaining the office to which the people of Brooklyn elected him. A pair of nonentities by the name of Quinn and Devaney are clamoring that "no Communist should be permitted to sit in public office." Mr. Devaney, who sponsored the notorious act that bears his name, which does not permit Communists to be *appointed* to office in New York, or to any civil service job, is quite aware that Pete does not come under the provisions of his act. So Mr. Devaney is quite willing to sponsor new legislation especially designed for the purpose of preventing Pete from sitting in the City Council. That this would be a "bill of attainder," expressly prohibited by the Constitution of the United States of America, apparently makes little difference to Mr. Devaney. Like the other bourbons, he has neither learned anything, nor forgotten it.

"I'll be seated," said Pete. "This is a real issue. For one thing, these people won't stand for such a thing. This is an issue of democratic elections, pure and simple. But they'll try it," he said, "and it may even go to court, but we'll lick 'em."

And he's right. For it's an easy bet that for every real, live Communist who voted for Pete, and for every one of the 8.6 non-Communists who helped elect him—at least (this is my private estimate) 149.7 ordinary people would stand up on their hind legs if Pete were denied a seat, and shout, "What is this, anyhow, America or Hitler's Germany?"

The New York *Herald Tribune* has already come out for seating Pete; so has—of all things—the *Daily News,* and maybe even Westbrook Pegler might see the light in such a case as this, though I doubt it. For there is more than one sign that the people's unity against Hitlerism is being forged in New York City, as well as throughout America. The people who want Hitlerism obliterated elected LaGuardia for a third term despite the best efforts of the reactionary coalition to defeat him. The Tammany candidate, District Attorney William O'Dwyer, was licked; Tammany is almost ready to vote itself out of existence; the American Labor Party came to life again as a progressive factor in the election, with 434,297 votes for the Little Flower; and one really prize reactionary specimen, Borough Pres. George U. Harvey of Queens, has been deftly removed from the backs of the people of that borough. Now, he can *really* go to Canada.

Of this anti-Hitler coalition, Peter V. (. . . –) Cacchione is an integer of no small consequence. He can be counted on actually to represent the people who elected him (and multitudes of others who don't see eye to eye with his Party)—and not the interests of those who are the enemies of the people. For he's really one of those human beings who merit the hackneyed term "a man of the people"—he's sweet, kind, gentle, considerate, intelligent, educated—and a fighter. Built like his son; like a pile-driver.

ALVAH BESSIE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt in Yugoslavia

Hitler and his satellites have tried to establish the "new order," but large and well-armed guerrilla detachments are fighting back . . . . "The crop is growing ripe."

Lisbon (by mail).

YUGOSLAVIA was defeated in the field of battle in twelve days. It was on the thirteenth day of the war, last April, that the Yugoslav General Staff hauled up the white flag. But, for anyone acquainted with the geography and history of the country and its people, it was clear that the struggle was not over. An inglorious chapter in the fight against Germany was over. As in France, a people who had been oppressed in a semi-fascist manner, whose organizations and working class parties had been illegalized, could not stand up against the German assault. But a new chapter had begun. Before the war had run its course, Yugoslavia would rise again.

Guerrilla activity flared up from the outset of the "era of pacification." In Dalmatia, occupied by the Italians, the old fighting song of the *Komitadjis—"spremyte sa spremite chetnitse"*—echoed in the hills. In Bosnia, where the fascist Ustashi established a bloody regime, in the Banat, occupied by "Greater Hungary," in Macedonia, torn away to satisfy the Bulgarian reactionaries, and in Old Serbia, where the puppet Gen. Milan Neditch tried desperately to balance himself on Nazi bayonets, the fighting spirit of the people rose.

Hitler and Mussolini endeavored to utilize national antagonisms to split up Yugoslavia; they boasted of solving the national question. But instead, they created new national antagonisms in the place of the old. They unified the entire nation against them. The "new order" was clearly a ramshackle affair, jerry-built. It bears within it the seeds of revolt, the promise of upheaval.

AFTER JUNE 22, organized revolt took the place of desperate acts of vengeance. Old and new sympathies united the people alongside of the USSR. It was in Belgrade after all that the people had paraded as long ago as March 27, cheering Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt. The new turn of the war therefore corresponded precisely to the instinctive understanding of the people that with the Soviets, Britain, and the United States acting in unison, Hitler's doom was certain.

Hundreds of government officials in the Neditch regime resigned from their posts after June 22 on account of "sudden illness." Nazi-controlled newspapers in Croatia and Serbia published stern warnings against "saboteurs and traitors in the pay of Moscow." Special military tribunals were set up in every Serb town. Italian garrisons in Croatia, Dalmatia, Albania, and Bosnia had to be reinforced. The criminal Premier of Croatia, Ante Pavelitch, was obliged to issue a special manifesto against "all Slav tendencies smuggled by our enemies into the ranks of the Ustasha." The *Deutsches Generalkommando Belgrad* asked for a whole motorized division to maintain "order on the principal highways and other communications."

It is impossible, of course, to give a precise idea of the number of guerrilla detachments, their organization and action. But from fairly reliable sources it becomes evident that the guerrillas are acting under a general command "somewhere in the black hills of Montenegro." They are armed not only with rifles and machine guns, but also have a number of light armored cars and mountain artillery pieces. They have their radio stations, engineer corps, and anti-aircraft units. Officers of the regular Yugoslav army are often in command. Early in October the Moscow radio announced that the Red Army Staff had sent several bombers with valuable supplies into Yugoslavia. The supplies, said the radio, arrived safely.

Occasionally, the fighting has lasted several days at a time, involving as many as 15,000 men. This happened, for example, in the Velebit Mountains of Dalmatia, at Han Kobaldo near Mostar, at Uzice and Shabats. In the latter town, the Nazis were compelled to use Stukas and tanks before the Yugoslav fighters were forced back into the hills. The town was burned to the ground by Hitler's Elite Guards. At every lantern post hung the body of a man, woman, and often a child.

In the battle of Uzice in September the guerrillas succeeded in forcing back Italian, Croatian Ustashi, and troops of General Neditch, retreating only when German motorized divisions arrived. Eight hundred hostages were shot by the Nazis on this occasion. Thereafter, as a letter from Kosta Krajshumovitch, the consul in Moscow, reveals, the Nazis transported 100,000 Serb children into German "correction and education camps," a punitive measure against their parents and a "precaution for further times."

And here are several other examples of what has been going on:

General Dankelman of the Belgrade air force levied a fine of 10,000,000 dinars on the Yugoslav capital for sabotage of the streetcars.

In Nish in mid-August ten Serb peasants were shot when poisoned wells caused the death of several German officers and their horses.

In Kragujevats the German military commandant took 1,000 hostages to prevent what he admitted was the "constant sabotage of telephone lines and bridges." Children would be shot, he said, if found near the scene of future sabotage.

The production of the famous Yugoslav bauxite mines, the aluminum ore, has been so badly curtailed that workers have had to be imported from Austria to raise output.

[Since this letter from Lisbon arrived, Yugoslav sources in London report that a regular Serbian army of guerrillas, numbering more than 80,000, has succeeded in recapturing most of Serbia from the German-Italian grip. The army is reported to be led by Col. Draza Mihailovitch, of the regular Yugoslav army. Reports also say the rebels are so powerful that the puppet regime of General Neditch has been forced to parley with them. Meanwhile, new figures for the number of Serbs assassinated by the Nazis have also been made public. According to London sources, the number of people executed by the Nazis has passed the 350,000 mark—Editor's note.]

The other day came a report from Istanbul that a revolutionary government "somewhere in Montenegro" has already gained such control that passports are being issued in its name for travel in that area. This report seems premature but unquestionably will come true in the not-too-distant future. Only recently Heinrich Himmler told a gathering of high Gestapo officials that "the Balkans are an especially good field for the seed of the dragon teeth sown by the enemies of the Reich's new order." Indeed, the Nazis are afraid of the dragons arising where the seed has been sown. But the Nazis themselves have sown the seed. They are watering it with blood . . . and the crop is growing ripe.

JOVO DVIJAK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilson, Unincorporated

It's not on the map, but several thousand people live on that feudal plantation empire in Arkansas. Where "brozene" is the coin of the realm and cotton grows right up to the doorstep.

THE stranger to eastern Arkansas stopped his car suddenly, as a string of flatcars banged over the railroad crossing in front of him. The train screeched to a stop and the driver settled back to wait, idly wondering what railroad line was holding him up. He watched a flagman swing off and throw a switch, then straightened up as the cars began bumping onto a siding between two big buildings. Dimly the stranger could distinguish the outlines of smokestacks, vent pipes, and flues. "A good big factory, but what kind, and what is it doing 'way out here in all these miles and miles of nothing but flat cotton land?"

When the locomotive moved into the headlights' beam the traveler looked for the name of the line. Missouri Pacific? 'Frisco, maybe? The big letters began to show as the tender rolled across—"Hill & Wilson." What railroad company is that, with its great big engine blocking the lonely road for a late traveler? The stranger got his answer the next day, as does everyone who stops over in this territory for even a few hours.

"Hill & Wilson" owns the railroad, the factory—which proved to be a super cotton gin—and everything else along a forty-mile stretch, mostly in Mississippi County, in the sovereign state of Arkansas. Hill & Wilson is the corporate name for a "plantation" of 88,000 acres. The company also "owns" about 13,000 people who live there—if you can call it living, when cotton plants grow right up to your cabin doorstep, and you can't get away to work for somebody who might let you have that little garden patch you need so badly.

This is a lot of feudal power, even for the South. The extent of Hill & Wilson's interests would have staggered the biggest slaveholders, although some of them owned more acreage. But who *is* Hill—and Wilson? "Never mind about Hill," they tell you around here. "Nobody remembers who he was any more. But Wilson. . . ."

Well, for one thing, Wilson is the name of the principal town in this forty-mile stretch. It appears on few maps, although some 2,000 people live there. Smaller towns nearby are on all the maps, but Wilson, unincorporated, is the capital of an empire which does not need, or wish, official recognition.

Lee Wilson, a crude old robber baron, southern style, founded his empire in the 1880's. Born in Tennessee, Lee grew up with a good working knowledge of the old crumbling plantation system. A shrewd young fellow, he went to work in the New Orleans cotton exchange where he learned the tricks of modern finance, by which a smart businessman who also knew the old ways could patch up some nice pieces of land and make them pay. And in Arkansas there was something better than old plantation land—homestead land, some of it open, some occupied by small farmers who didn't know the modern tricks and were slowly going under. Wilson accumulated a little stake and settled in Arkansas.

COTTON PICKERS. *A painting by James Turnbull.*

MONEY for land-saving improvements gave him a head start on his neighbors. And then they began to borrow from Lee Wilson. One by one he squeezed them, until they pulled out, leaving Wilson master of his empire. This process has gone on ever since. Old Lee died in 1933, but the land he left grows automatically.

Nominally the Wilson family still owns most of the empire, but the second and third generations are a feeble lot who tremble under the strong hand which old Lee placed over them. The people around the town of Wilson will tell you that life was too easy for Lee's descendants, their surroundings were too degenerate. It was logical that the only son, Roy, should not "turn out much good." The natives say that the old man could not face death with the prospect of Roy as the sole male heir. So he adopted a grandson, Joe Nelson Smith, and changed his name to Wilson. "Joe Nelson's" father was a Smith of Smith & Wesson, the big arms firm.

But it isn't "Joe Nelson" who possesses the strong hand to which the old man really gave the reins. Joe does a little work running the plantation, but is better known as a playboy right out of the tabloid society pages. In his thirties, "Joe Nelson" has a private plane, several cars, and a passion for escorting large parties into the Memphis hot spots and saying, "I'm Joe Nelson Wilson; you can send the bill out to the farm." Trails of these bills follow him home, or more usually precede him, from scattered points. He must have carried cash, or its equivalent, on his European trips, but it is a point of pride with Joe Nelson to travel the Arkansas and Tennessee countrysides with empty pockets.

The playboy grandson may play so hard because he, like all the surviving Wilsons, wants to forget Joe Crane. When old Lee was crushing out the opposition, one younger landlord stood up to him and traded punches. This fellow showed himself just as hard as Wilson and pretty nearly as shrewd. The old man rewarded him with a sort of prime minister's post—today Joe Crane is the "superintendent" of the Wilson plantation. His salary is $35,000 a year plus the income from 3,000 acres which he owns outright. These acres adjoin the Wilson holdings, which are partly scattered chunks, with the largest block around Wilson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Lee placed the survival of his holdings ahead of his family's welfare when he gave Joe Crane power. Joe Crane, now barely entering a vigorous middle age, is a big, tough, muscular fellow whom the Wilsons are sure will ultimately cheat them of their "rights."

Lee Wilson's widow still survives. Her house in Wilson has twenty rooms and stands in relative seclusion amidst a lot of magnolia trees. Driving around the town, you might miss it, but you would never miss Joe Crane's home. Gleaming white and new, there are no big trees to hide this "plantation" dwelling. There is instead a swimming pool, complete with gay lawn chairs and big umbrellas. The house dominates the town of Wilson and the family home just as Joe Crane dominates the community and the shrinking family. But to most of the 13,000 people on the Wilson holdings the plight of the family is not exactly pathetic. These people have their own troubles with Crane. One wage worker who used to be a sharecropper said, "Joe Crane is so hard that his eyelids squeak when he blinks 'em, and just about that tight."

Plantations like Wilson's are the real heritages of old slavery days, and all these places were snatched from the ruins by monopoly capital, working much as old Lee worked. In Arkansas feudalism is strictly business. Lee Wilson used the feudal forms to save money, at the same time modernizing where it paid. He built his huge drainage and irrigation canals, his railroad, the cotton gins like little steel mills, and his vast cottonseed oil mill. But for field labor, Negroes and mules were cheaper than tractors—provided you could tie the serfs to the land as securely as the animals. And there were ways of doing this—ways that still work, although they're finally being challenged.

In studying the mechanics of this bondage, you might begin by asking, "Why is Wilson, Ark., still unincorporated?" One resident of Wilson says, "I reckon that when they took stock there wasn't enough here that wasn't Lee Wilson's to make a spot on the map." Old Lee himself put it like this, "I own everything in Wilson except the depot and that's got my name on it." So it's fairly obvious who controls whatever civil and police authorities there are in such a place. And what's true of the empire's capital city is only a little less true of all nearby towns. Such power inevitably extends all the way to Little Rock, the official capital of Arkansas, 150 miles away.

This is a pretty good basis for controlling the lives of 13,000 people—and you must control them completely to maintain this kind of feudal empire. But there are ways of clinching this control. They're all part of a familiar southern pattern, but it isn't worked out on such a breath-taking scale elsewhere. For example, all southern tenants, sharecroppers, and wage hands know that going into debt means losing what little independence they may have. And it's nearly impossible to keep out of debt. But at Wilson's, debt means that your wages and your borrowings come in "brozene," which is truly the coin of the realm. Brozene consists of little brass tokens in denominations of one cent to a dollar. It jingles in the pockets like money—but try to spend it any place other than a Wilson store. A pocketful of brozene won't take you far if you'd like to go off and work for somebody else, even if you can get away from the riding bosses who have their own little ways of keeping you.

Would this be peonage under the law? Relatively small fry like Plantation Boss Cunningham in Georgia get themselves involved occasionally in peonage cases. The Lee Wilsons never have—yet. So far they have been too big and too smart. But there's plenty of evidence that the company fears this kind of trouble and also that the workers are getting smart to the fact. The wage bands and 'croppers are joining the CIO's United Agricultural Workers Union (UCAPAWA), and those who are afraid to join outright take their troubles to Harry Koger, the union's regional president. Which is how the following story came to light.

A WILSON "RENTER," really a riding boss, hired a woman field hand as a cook. He moved her little possessions to a nearby cabin and loaned her a few sticks of old furniture. A wage agreement was made—something like a couple of dollars a week and board. The woman went to work, but time passed and no salary was forthcoming. When she protested, the boss presented her with a bill for more than $100—for the cost of moving and the worthless bits of furniture he had put in her cabin! The boss told her she was now working out this debt to him and could not leave the place until it was paid. The union went into action. Its first step was to send a lawyer to the county seat to prepare his case. That was enough for the boss; he told his cook that she could leave any time she wanted, in fact the sooner the better. This episode built up the union's prestige tremendously.

To talk union, or almost anything else, the Wilson people generally must go to Marion or some other town off the plantation property. And even there, they must be careful. The little settlements on the plantation are dreary clusters of dwellings, with a couple of small company stores. As to meeting places, on these acres there is scarcely even a church, that vital center of Negro rural life. The houses themselves look like crosses between tumbledown Negro shanties and the more standardized, drab cotton-mill village homes of the South. Which is logical. They're tumbledown because that's "good enough for them," but not completely paintless because that's "bad business" for the interests that own the lot. A bit of paint will keep away the rot a little longer. These semi-standardized homes appear throughout the Wilson land in isolated clusters of three or four, with lonely miles between. Anything to discourage people getting together, even for a little music on scratched-up old records and an ancient phonograph. But they do walk miles to be together at night, even when they're tired. And a few lucky people who have managed to buy battery radio sets on time have plenty of visitors in spite of everything.

Stevenson

You can hardly find a food crop on these holdings, save on the land of "riding bosses," who are generally classified as renters to beat the AAA cotton acreage reduction law. The law sets a limit of $10,000 on any check paid out for cotton which was not planted. The Wilson interests are too vast to come under the arrangement, so most of the land was nominally divided among the riding bosses four years ago when the law was passed. That made these bosses into "renters," entitling them to acreage reduction checks. There's no way to prove that most of this money goes back to Wilson, but the field hands don't need any proof. Nor is there any way of finding out how much money the Wilson interests have milked out of the government, but the sum must be prodigious. The whole thing looked raw enough to make Washington hold up some checks, but so far nothing much has come out of the investigations which were started.

The riding bosses have some fine vegetable gardens, for the land is magnificent. The field hands, which means most of the people—the majority have sunk even below sharecropper level—have gardens of green cotton bushes in the summer and dead stalks in the winter. Right up to the walls go the big multimule plows, leaving only a slim pathway to the nearest road. Recently a garden plot was held out as the highest imaginable bribe.

A fine old Negro man lives on Wilson's plantation—white-haired, thin and wiry, and a militant union leader. His riding boss, knowing about the union activities, approached the Negro with a smooth, oblique offer: "Uncle, you know who these people are who're talking about this damned union all the time. They respect you, uncle. They'll listen to you. Now, you're gettin' along. You need a nice little garden patch to live off when you can't work any more. You make these fellows quit talkin' union and I'll give you one." The old man looks wistful when he tells you about this, because he would have loved that garden patch. But he also looks firm and says, "I couldn't do it. I jest couldn't. All the people were lookin' to me and I couldn't do 'em like that." He smiled. "You know, things are bad, but they won't always be like this!"

ELISE MOORER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors

BARBARA GILES, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH McKENNEY, BRUCE MINTON, JOSEPH NORTH, JOSEPH STAROBIN, JOHN STUART.

Business Manager

CARL BRISTEL

Labor Takes Its Stand

ONE of the gravest dangers to the development of national unity in the present emergency is the clamor of certain big-business groups for anti-labor legislation. If such demands have been reprehensible until now, they become doubly so when one considers the sense of the recent conventions of both AFL and CIO. If anything emerged from these great congresses, it was the genuine desire for full cooperation between labor, management, and the government to achieve victory over the common enemy. National unity practically became a password. In his article on page 7 A. B. Magil describes the desire of the CIO to solve all problems of labor by mutual agreement in order to keep the wheels of industry from stopping even one hour in the production of defense materials. The AFL at Seattle pledged a voluntary no-strike policy during the national emergency. American labor realized, more fully than ever in its history, the reality that its problems at the bench are part of a world-scene—and that it must formulate a world-outlook to solve its day-to-day problems.

This, unfortunately, cannot be said of certain categories of big business. They seek to take advantage of the national emergency to prevent labor's defending its standards of life, those levels necessary to meet the exigencies of today's stepped up production requirements. Philip Murray recognized this menace when he said at Detroit, speaking directly to the labor-hating industrialists: "You had better not shackle labor in America because labor is in no mood to accept shackles either now or in the future."

TORIES IN CONGRESS, most notoriously the southern bloc, see hobgoblins every time they glance at a man in overalls. They are trying to create a national hysteria against labor, fantastically exaggerating the strike situation in order to introduce anti-labor legislation. They continue to view-with-alarm the just demands of the captive miners; they are opposed to an equitable settlement of the Railroad Brotherhoods' due. But Messrs. Cox, Smith, and Co., will not admit that strikes are declining, a fact admitted by the War Department: actual check-up early last week showed that approximately 6,100 workers are out on strike in "defense industries." The New York daily paper, *PM,* put it this way: "Some 4,000,000 workers are now engaged in defense production. Sixty-one hundred is about one-seventh of one percent of that number." The wheels of defense industry *are* turning—and it is labor that has proved itself most zealous that they turn at top-speed.

Contrast the attitude of the labor-baiting tories with that of Mr. Murray. His summary of the stand taken by the CIO at Detroit was expressed in the following words: "National unity is of course essential today. All sections of the labor movement, management, and government must wholeheartedly unite behind our national program. The strengthening and growth of labor unions would establish the morale necessary for the attainment of this end. Greater participation by labor in the national defense program and a more active participation of labor in government are essential." These are the words of a man who seeks to shoulder his responsibility in the common emergency, not to evade it, or to profit from it.

Mr. Murray's own plan for industrial councils should be adopted by the government as a basis for the improved cooperation of all categories in the national scene. And Mr. Murray himself would make a splendid addition to the President's Cabinet. These proposals would carry much greater weight in Washington if labor achieved full working unity in the present emergency. A national congress of AFL, CIO, and the Railroad Brotherhoods would contribute greatly toward that goal.

No Frozen Wages

PERHAPS there should be a ceiling on the price which certain congressmen demand for their votes in favor of national defense measures. Less than a month ago they opposed revision of the Neutrality Act unless it carried an anti-strike "rider." Now this group, led by poll-taxers, insists that a ceiling on wages is the *sine qua non* of any price-control legislation. The administration's price control bill, which has finally reached the floor of the House in a badly battered condition after a nearly interminable kicking around in committee, does not restrict wages. However, the bourbon bloc has succeeded in obtaining a special-privilege rule which permitted Rep. Albert Gore of Tennessee to open debate on his substitute bill with its wage-ceiling amendment. The House Rules Committee, dominated by Acting Chairman Cox of Georgia and Martin Dies, respectfully heard Gore's arguments but when it came to testimony against his proposal they all but shouted the witness down. Yet government experts have testified conclusively in hearings on the bill that to freeze wages is not only unfair but close to preposterous. It is almost impossible to administer and, as Rep. Clyde Williams of Missouri pointed out, it is in no way comparable to price control. A worker's income cannot be frozen—his wages are "adequate" only in relation to the cost of living. No one will dispute that living costs are still rising steeply and that the profits of certain monopolies are practically historic. Besides, as the experts have also testified, higher wages are not the cause of inflation. For that, blame profiteering and curtailment of production—and the food speculators and big farmers who want their ceiling so high that the small farmers will finally find themselves without a market.

Organized labor, all consumers, will have to act quickly to prevent a price-control measure being turned into an anti-labor weapon.

Sing-Song Kurusu

AS OF this writing, very little light has been shed on the course of Mr. Hull's negotiations with the special Japanese emissary, Saburo Kurusu. Several conferences have been held; Mr. Hull has consulted with the British, Chinese, Australian, and Dutch ambassadors, but there are few clues as to where things stand. The reflection of Japanese-American relations in Japan itself appears contradictory. On the one hand, the tenor of the speeches in the Japanese Diet, whose special session was just concluded, were defiant and uncompromising; a record-breaking (and back-breaking) budget was passed, air raid precautions in case of war were freely discussed.

Yet there is also some indication that high ruling circles are very worried; for example, the vice president of the powerful Imperial Rule Assistance Association made a speech in which he called upon Japan to realize her aims without war. And there was one member of the Diet who resigned because he could not agree that Japanese finances were as sound as the official speechmakers made them out to be. Beneath the surface an acute struggle must be raging in Japan, and Kurusu's proposals to Hull must reflect that struggle.

Rereading the more reliable Washington dispatches in the American press, it seems to us that the central issue in the negotiations revolves around the future of China. That is really the crux of the whole problem in the Pacific. The Japanese would like to settle "the China incident," but they have already invested so much of their national substance in trying to conquer China that in any settlement they seek a decisive share in exploiting China's resources. It is even probable that the severe economic restrictions which the western powers have placed on Japan in the last four months are already diminishing Japan's strength to such a point that she needs not only the lifting of those restrictions, but also financial assistance to bolster her economy and make the exploitation of China possible.

There should be no doubt in the State Department on these questions. From every moral standard and from the standpoint of national interest, the United States must not bargain at China's expense.

There would be merit in settling the war, but it can only be settled on the basis of Japan's evacuating China's territory, not to mention indemnifying the people of China for the suffering Japan has caused. There would be great virtue in our assisting China's economic rehabilitation, but only on the basis of a sovereign, independent Chrina, and no other.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And finally, while there is value in getting an agreement with Japan, even if only a temporary one, such an agreement ought to be rejected on any other basis than a withdrawal of Japan from any position that may threaten the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Siam, the Burma Road, or Soviet Maritime provinces.

It must be made clear that we are prepared and are preparing for war with Japan unless our terms are substantially accepted. For the combined strength of the anti-Japanese powers is such that we, and not Japan, are in a position to insist on our terms. All that ought to be clear in the State Department at this juncture of the negotiations. There may be some in high places who fear a strong China and a weakened Japan, but they should know they are not expressive of the interest or opinion of the American public.

If what we have said means that no agreement with Japan is possible, the fact ought to be faced frankly. Preparations should be made for taking the initiative against Japan, instead of waiting for her to take the initiative against us. An agreement with the anti-Japanese powers ought to be in the making. In fact there is every evidence that even while negotiating, Japan is preparing to attack the Burma Road and Siam. If this is Japan's opinion of the probable outcome of the Washington negotiations, ours should be in no way less realistic.

A Program for Harlem

THE attempt to engulf Harlem in a "crime wave" of printer's ink had reached low tide for lack of even petty crimes until the recent stabbing—or alleged stabbing—of one Henry Hennessey occurred. Led by the *Times* and Roy Howard's *World-Telegram,* certain New York papers are again whooping it up for a race riot. The *Times* reports even the conjectures of a few white men and women that assaults such as that on Hennessey may be a form of "revenge" by the Negroes—more sinister and ominous than theft. Mr. Hennessey, however, is not being entirely helpful to the Jim Crow realtors and the publishers who express their interests. He can't remember just where in Harlem he was attacked or whether he had three or ten dollars in his pocket at the time. He claims that there wasn't a patrolman anywhere around, although Commissioner Valentine has testified that the place was amply policed. Finally, there is nothing but the victim's word for it that his assailants were Negroes, and not only is Mr. Hennessey's memory faulty—it turns out that he had been drinking heavily and has since been confined to a psychopathic ward in Veterans Hospital. In short, this hullabalooed stabbing story is no more proof of a crime wave or race riot than were all the preceding stories on this subject.

We need not repeat here what we said in these columns two weeks ago about the social crimes committed against Harlem—the same as those committed against all slum areas. Rather, let us quote from a statement by forty leading members of the Social Service Employees Union, Local 19, addressed to Mayor LaGuardia: "The impressive thing is not so much the presence of a certain amount of juvenile and other forms of delinquency in Harlem, but rather the persistence with which the overwhelming majority of these citizens maintain their civil and personal integrity in the face of adverse conditions." These social workers urged upon the mayor a more aggressive program toward "job opportunities, wages, unemployment, housing conditions, recreational and educational facilities and job training." And Local 5 of the Teachers Union has proposed a detailed program to eliminate discrimination against students, especially in vocational and defense training and job placement. Mr. LaGuardia has a double responsibility for promoting this program: as mayor of New York and as director of civilian defense.

From Land and Sea . . .

SOME six weeks ago Tom Mooney roused himself from a sickbed to write a letter on behalf of a man whom he described as "an outstanding fighter in the cause of labor." That man, he wrote, "helped in those years when I was in jail by mobilizing great numbers of people in behalf of Billings, myself, and other labor prisoners." That man's name is Earl Browder.

Tom Mooney declared in his letter that public-spirited citizens of varied political opinions have organized a Citizens' Committee to secure the immediate release of Earl Browder by appealing to the President of the United States for executive action. He outlined the facts of the case which are familiar to NEW MASSES readers—facts which were recapitulated in our last week's issue in the article "A Lawyer Looks at the Browder Case."

These facts—as presented by Tom Mooney—have elicited remarkable response. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen residing in all states of the union—and American maritime workers on the seas—have since urged the liberation of Earl Browder. We have cited many instances, in the past months, of Americans who have made their stand clear on this issue. The number today is mounting rapidly, as rapidly as the truth of the case is being brought home to the public.

Consider the men far-off at sea, meeting in submarine-infested waters to urge the freedom of one whom they feel is a champion of the workingmen and the oppressed of America. Just last week the crews aboard the SS *Thomas Tracy* and the SS *Arthur Ors* forwarded resolutions to President Roosevelt. Earlier the same week three other crews sent messages bearing similar requests. The men at sea were joined by their laboring brothers on land: not a day passes without the mailman bringing into the offices of the Citizens' Committee copies of resolutions sent to the President. To mention a few: United Mine Workers' locals at Hiawatha, West Va., Ravensdale, Wash., Lost Creek, West Va., Luzerne, Ky. And more than individual locals have responded: entire CIO and AFL councils have expressed themselves. For example, the Contra Costa County, Cal., Industrial Union Council, representing twenty-two organizations; the Alameda County Council, comprising over 16,000 organized workers. The list grows daily.

Tom Mooney, as chairman of the Citizens' Committee, addressed himself chiefly to labor. But not only labor is acting. Other groups are making their stand clear. The Negro people, sensitive to the dangers to civil rights implied in Browder's continued imprisonment, have placed their names to the record. In New York last week Negro leaders held a conference of trade union officials, church workers, civic leaders, writers, and others on behalf of Browder's freedom. Taking cognizance of his contribution as a champion of the Negro people, the call for this conference stated, "We are aware that the persecution of any individual or minority for political beliefs represents a danger for all minority groups and especially for the Negro people." Recently thirty-six nationally prominent Negroes urged Browder's freedom; in Louisville, Ky., eleven local leaders endorsed the action. They came from all walks of life: one was a Democratic National Negro Committeeman; another a past commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the others of similar standing.

We cite these instances in some detail—the number is far too great to recapitulate fully here—to show the mounting sentiment for Browder's release. As Tom Mooney puts it: "You may not agree with his political views, but you will agree that he has always fought for the interests of the oppressed." He indicated, too, that Browder has been sent to prison for four years on a minor passport violation and has already served six months and has paid a $2,000 fine—a sentence far in excess of that generally meted out in similar cases. The average American, regardless of political affiliations, wishes to see fair play obtain in all such instances. He is making himself felt by these petitions for executive action. NEW MASSES urges all who have not yet done so to add their voices to those who have already pleaded for the rectification of this injustice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT MIGRATION

William Attaway's powerful novel of the Negro exodus from the South to the industrial North. The projection of a new though incompletely realized theme. Reviewed by Ralph Ellison.

BLOOD ON THE FORGE, *by William Attaway. Doubleday Doran. $2.*

THOSE who found William Attaway's first novel, *Let Me Breathe Thunder,* pleasant reading but rather thin, will be happily surprised by *Blood on the Forge.* For Attaway, a young Negro writer, has produced a work of unmistakable power, easily one of the season's best novels. In contrast with his first book, which dealt with white characters, this is a novel of Negro life. Attaway has mined that vital body of Negro experience known as the Great Migration, which, during the first world war period, swept thousands of Negro farm folk into industrial areas.

In the spring of 1919 three Negro brothers escape a lynch mob and leave Kentucky for the mill country of the Allegheny valley, where they become steel workers. After the excitement of the big pay and broader freedom of movement wears away, their experience is disastrous. One of them is blinded; another killed; and the third, whose injury is spiritual rather than physical, takes the blinded one with him to Pittsburgh, hoping that mill conditions there will be less hazardous.

Attaway has sought to depict the essential meaning of the migration, to show the Negro entering industry, and, through a system of symbols, to light up broader regions of Negro experience than are specifically dealt with in this volume. He is especially sensitive to the disillusionment sustained by Negroes through the migratory experience.

The boys' journey begins when they accept the offer of a "jackleg" who has been recruiting workers in their district of Kentucky. They do not mind being packed with hundreds of others into sealed boxcars and smuggled out of the state—a procedure made necessary by the planters, who sought to keep their cheap labor supply in the South. The "jackleg," however, proves to be an agent of a perverse underground railroad. For in the North the boys find themselves victims of an even greater violence than that which they escaped. This violence (that of industrial capitalism), is more frightening because it is mysteriously concealed; more awe-inspiring, because it does not seem, as in the South, to spring from the conflict of interests between black men and white rulers, but to erupt from giant inhuman machines. The impersonal brutality of the mill strikes upon their folk sensibilities "like the smoking hell out of a backwoods preacher's sermon."

This is a story of transition and contrasting values. In the first part of the novel we are shown the naive, almost formless personalities of the farm workers in their "natural" sharecropper setting. Then the main portion of the narrative centers in the mill town, where we see the quick-silver personalities caught within the hot, hard forge of industry. The boys' names—through which Attaway symbolizes three basic attitudes to the world of steel—now become meaningful: Melody embodies the artistic principle; Big Mat, the religious; and Chinatown, for want of a better term, the pagan. We see the new routine of toil (product of a way of life technologically years ahead of that from which they've come) grinding down upon the brothers. Under it Big Mat's vague religion and mythology become inadequate; Melody, whose relationship to his world has always been expressed through his guitar, gives musical utterance to a new attitude, the blues; and the "blow-top" Chinatown's life becomes a mad ritual of "whiskey, whores, and wheelbarrows."

THUS, in this world of changing values all the old rules of living are melted away. Big Mat loses his religion and forgets the wife he left down South. Anna, the Mexican girl who takes her place, admires his great physical strength at first, but later learns to regard him as a "black peon" who has exchanged the soil for a mill. Her rejection of him sends Big Mat to the depths of his humiliation; he suffers a psychological loss of his virility. Nor do the others escape. Melody also is tormented with frustrated love for Anna; and as the mill effects its disintegrating process he lays aside his guitar and becomes silently uncreative. Chinatown, always the most poorly equipped of the three, loses his eyes and reverts to childhood. Big Mat's struggle to achieve a sense of dignity moves him to become a deputy and he is killed, attacking a striking worker. And at the end we see the saddened Melody guiding Chinatown toward the mills of Pittsburgh. We leave them in conversation with a blind Negro soldier, their voices small and lonely against the booming rhythms of the train which sweeps them along.

The effect of all this is powerful. Attaway has done several things quite well. He has carefully observed the farm folk in their natural surroundings, and (though his ear sometimes plays him false) he has heard them speak. He takes us into the poetic essence of their speech, as when he records and depicts for us the "wishing game," a naive form of unrecorded literature—closely akin to the airplane scene in *Native Son*—in which the individual dream and wish is dramatized verbally and shared collectively.

The contribution of *Blood on the Forge* lies mainly in its projection of new themes. Spanning two areas and eras of Negro experience, those of the semi-feudal plantation and industrial urban environments, Attaway's source material received its dynamic movement from the clash of two modes of economic production. The characters are caught in the force of a struggle which, like the steel furnaces, roars throughout its pages; they are swept out of the center of gravity of one world, blindly into that of another. When, however, we examine the conclusion of the novel to see how the struggle has registered in the consciousness of the characters, we are disappointed. We find Big Mat dead, Chinatown blind, and Melody no more understanding the forces which grip him than when he first encountered them. From this one gets the impression that the book is simply a lament for the dying away of the Negro's folk values. The author seems to sanction the conclusions of the crippled character who, wandering in and out of the novel as a symbol of fate, keeps insisting that "It's wrong to tear up the ground and melt it up in the furnace . . . ground don't like it." But this explanation of the Negro's degradation and suffering when he enters industry is that of a pre-industrial toiler viewing a complex, mechanical world which he cannot understand. Such a viewpoint includes only one pole of the contradictory experience from which the novel is composed. Fortunately, however, of the thousands of Negroes who passed through the experience, all were not left merely uprooted and brutalized (as E. Franklin Frazier's *Negro Family in the United States* makes us aware) and what happened to those who were not is a necessary part of the story.

Attaway's incomplete picture puts him,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give RECORDS for Christmas!

SUGGESTIONS!

★ RUSSIAN SOVIET
★ CALYPSO
★ WORKERS' SONGS
★ PAUL ROBESON RECORDS
★ MARIAN ANDERSON RECORDS
★ SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE ALBUMS AND OTHERS

Send for List CM

Open Evenings CH 2-6744

O. PAGANI & BRO.

289 BLEECKER STR – N.Y.

U. S. FRENCH HAND LAUNDRY

Quality workmanship, efficient service

CLEANING & DYEING

9 Christopher St., N. Y. C. WA 9-2732

A REAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

We're reopening for the Christmas holidays. Sparkling, invigorating days, fun, relaxation . . . 10 outdoor activities, 15 indoors . . . a festive table heaped with tantalizing eatables. It's Chesters' Xmas present to you—so, hurry your reservations! *Our complete inimitable Entertainment Staff.* WRITE FOR RATES, FULL INFORMATION.

A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

CHESTERS ZUNBARO

WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

N. Y. OFF.: 55 W. 42 ST. Tel.: LO 5-5857

HIT THE TOP at the new HOTEL ALLABEN

LAKEWOOD NEW JERSEY

501 Monmouth Ave.

Phone Lakewood 819 or 1222

THE HOUSE OF WINTER ACTIVITY

But NO TOPS in Rates—We're Very Moderate

$22.50 per week

Director: Jack Schwartz, formerly of Unity Hotel

HOTEL HARMONY

505 Forrest Ave., Lakewood, New Jersey

Entertainment, free bicycling

Yudis Gross Anna Broude

Tel. Lakewood 450, 936 formerly of Royale Hotel

MAMANASCO LAKE LODGE

RIDGEFIELD, CONN. PHONE: 820

A luxurious country estate converted into a vacation paradise. Beautiful 1½ mile lake—all fall and winter sports, golf, riding, free bicycles, ping pong, etc. Fine library and musical recordings. Sumptuous French-American cuisine. Only 50 miles from New York City.

OPEN ALL YEAR

TRIPLE LAKE RANCH

WESTERN SPIRIT AND ROMANCE AT YOUR DOORSTEP

All Year INFORMAL RENDEZVOUS
37 MILES FROM N. Y. C. Route 10
RIDING, Instruction. GOLF.
ALL SPORTS. Private Lakes.
Rifle Range. Altitude 1000 Ft.
Home Comforts. Excellent Food.
LOW RATE covers everything.
N. Y. Tel. TR. 5-2163. Booklet S

SUCCASUNNA N. J. ANNE BARASH, MGR.

artistically, in the position of a sort of sorcerer's apprentice who has released powerful forces but does not know the key word for keeping them under control. Hence the episodic quality of the novel; the substitution of tagging (Melody, Big Mat, Chinatown) for character development; and the fact that the meaning of incidents and situations is rendered not in terms of the character's thoughts and emotions, but in the author's own terms. The power of *Blood on the Forge* lies not so much in Attaway's presentation as in the tremendous vitality and appeal of the book's basic situation. There is no center of consciousness, lodged in a character or characters capable of comprehending the sequence of events. Possibly this would have called for an entirely new character. But at the same time it would have saved the work from finally disintegrating into a catalogue of meaningless casualties and despairs. Inclusion of such a consciousness would not have been a mere artistic device; it would have been in keeping with historical truth.

Conceptionally, Attaway grasped the destruction of the folk, but missed its rebirth on a higher level. The writer did not see that while the folk individual was being liquidated in the crucible of steel, he was also undergoing fusion with new elements. Nor did Attaway see that the individual which emerged, blended of old and new, was better fitted for the problems of the industrial environment. As a result the author is so struck by the despair in his material that he fails to see any ground for hope for his characters. Yet hope is there, as in Big Mat's profoundly human reaction to his predicament. Actually only Big Mat's *solution* to his problem was hopeless. His motivations, the intense desire to live and mantain a sense of dignity, have also produced the most conscious American Negro type, the black trade unionist. At the end of this book readers are left with the question of what is to be done by such characters as these Negro boys. For when Melody leaves for Pittsburgh, he carries not a new consciousness, but a symbolic watch-fob made of the steel in which the superstitious cripple has been destroyed, and Big Mat's old backless Bible. Even his guitar is left behind.

Certainly, as the writer shows us, few folk values withstood the impact of the industrial era; certainly there was great suffering and dissolution; and certainly there was a wide distance between the Negro people and the trade union movement during the period covered by the novel. But that distance *was not absolute*. Some Negroes, even then, found in unionism a large part of the answer to their suffering. And it was these, at the beginning only a few, who by pursuing their vision despite the antipathy of some white unionists and bosses alike, established those values embraced by a growing number of Negroes today.

In raising these problems Mr. Attaway has touched some of the central problems of American experience. He has also proved himself one of the most gifted Negro writers.

RALPH ELLISON.

ENJOY XMAS AND NEW YEARS AT

Birdland CENTRAL VALLEY N. Y.

Formerly Lewisohn's Estate — Open All Year

One hour from N. Y. 225 acres of fascinating hiking country. All seasonal sports. Indoors: Ping Pong, games, recordings, library, dancing, exceptional company, open fireplaces, excellent cuisine. Every comfort. Incomparable surroundings.

(Tel. Highland Mills 7895) Your Hostess: Fannie Goldberg

HOTEL ROYALE

MADISON AVENUE AND 6th STREET

LAKEWOOD, N. J.

All Play—No Toil Means Vacation at THE ROYALE

Free Bicycling — Ping Pong — Boating — Entertainment

We Cater to Diets — Thrifty Rates.

SONIA GELBAUM, Prop.

SADIE DOROSHKIN, connected with Hotel Royale

Telephone — Lakewood 1146 - 978

CAMP BEACON Beacon 731

BEACON, N. Y.

SKATING & ALL SPORTS

Transportation Phone OI 5-8639

$19 per week $3.50 per day

Merry Christmas Week!

Christmas Week at Plum Point means fun, frolic, frivolity. Happy indoor and outdoor activities, wonderful food, gay companions. Come up for Xmas and New Year's. Ideal resort near N. Y. C. for year round vacations and week-ends.

PLUM POINT

ATTRACTIVE RATES New Windsor, N.Y.

FREE BOOKLET Newburgh 4270

LOCUST GROVE FARM

SYLVAN LAKE, HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.

Enjoy Winter Vacation at an artist's* farm, dedicated to good food, good fun, good fellowship. . . . All indoor and outdoor sports. Informal entertainment—barn dances—just 55 miles from N. Y. Limited accommodations.

Low Winter Rates

*George A. Podorson, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C. PL 3-8926 or Locust Grove Farm, Hopewell Junction. Phone 42 F 31

FEAST AND FROLIC AT

The Woodlands

For the Spirited

SKIING—on the Simpson Slope oron our own mountains.
SKATING—On our pond.
SLEDDING—Down our hundreds of hills and dales.

For the Lazybones

FIREPLACES—Open and cozy.
LIBRARY—The finest.
FOOD—Inexhaustible and excellent.
MUSIC—Good records for listening and dancing.
ACTIVITIES—Of the indoor variety.

SIGGIE GOLDNER Phoenicia, N. Y. Tel.: Phoenicia 23F3

To subscribe to

NEW MASSES

just fill out and mail this form

NEW MASSES, 461 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.

Please enter my subscription to New Masses for the period indicated by the checkmark.

☐ $5.00—One year
☐ Special Introductory Offer, 13 Weeks $1
☐ $2.75—6 months
☐ Special 2 year Rate $8.00: SAVINGS $2.00
☐ Special 3 year Rate $11.00: SAVINGS $4.00

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

12-2-41

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crime Study

DARK LEGEND: A Study in Murder, *by Frederic Wertham. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75.*

"THE cop was standing by the candy store. It was just past midnight . . . in this crowded tenement district. . . . A boy came toward him, a good-looking kid. He went in the candy store. When he came out the cop noticed his hand wrapped clumsily . . . and blood making a dark stain on it.

" 'Cut yourself?' " asked the cop.

" 'Yeah,' said the boy, and his brown eyes looked directly and with friendliness into the cop's. 'Yeah, I just killed my mother.' "

That's how this book starts, and that's about the breathless pace with which you try to keep up with it, with its explanations, particularly with the boy Gino's story. And he tells it, Gino, the brown-eyed, friendly, Italian immigrant boy, in detail, himself, in his own words, holding nothing back.

For the first time you get the full story of a ghastly crime, in the "murderer's" own words. But this is no shilling shocker. It is a serious, thought-out, amazingly absorbing study of a shocking crime and how it came to be committed. And it isn't a cop who tells the story, or a detective writer. It is a psychiatrist. That was Gino's luck. He had someone to whom to tell his story who "had ears to hear." And the psychiatrist, Dr. Frederic Wertham, works out for you—and with you—the successive steps by which he tried to fit the story into some logical scheme. The book thus becomes a study in understanding. Dr. Wertham knows mental disease. And as this book shows, he can say what he knows in simple, clear language so that anyone can grasp it, and grasp therewith the fundamental factors which influence us all, normal and abnormal, in certain situations. That is what the study of "the insane" should teach us. This book gives the gist and the pith of a psychiatrist's knowledge and experience, as well as a glimpse into his method. Those interested in the social approach to crime will find here long-sought answers to some of their questions.

This story of a proletarian child is placed, not in a doctor's office removed from strife, but in the setting in which it occurred—on New York's lower East Side. You see a boy who had one dream—to have the leisure to spend *one* afternoon at Coney Island. (He never realized it.) A kid who worked from the time he was eleven, eighteen hours a day, twelve hours after he left school, seven days a week, who had no diversions, no books to read. He had no kind doctors or lawyers or teachers to whom he could confide *in time* his terrible trouble, and who might have advised him well, even if only to "go away and get a rest."

Thus, an important factor in Gino's development was that he *never had the time to think.* Insight into his problem—which thought might have given him—might have saved him from matricide. So in the actual psychological interpretation of this case, the

RUSSIAN-AMERICAN CONCERT & RALLY

V. BACEVICIUS, world renowned Lithuanian pianist—NINA TARASOVA, concert soprano—N. M. TVARDOVSKAYA, dramatic sketches by a famous actress—JASCHA HERZOG, Serbian violinist—EFIM VITIS, Russian tenor
Speakers: PROF. PETRUNKEVITCH of Yale University—S. KOURNAKOV, military analyst—METROPOLITAN BENJAMIN of the Russian Orthodox Church

SUNDAY, DEC. 7, at 2 P.M. Manhattan Center—34th Street & 8th Ave.

Tickets: from 55c to $1.65 on sale at Bookshops and Committee
Auspices: American Russian Committee for Medical Aid to the USSR, 55 W. 42 St., N. Y. PE 6-3370

THE MUSIC ROOM
presents on
KEYNOTE RECORDINGS
Songs of New China
CHEE LAI
stirringly sung by
PAUL ROBESON
and the Chinese Chorus conducted by Liu Lang-Mo
3—10" records in decorative album, with booklet of English translations..... $2.75
The Music Room
133 W. 44 St., N. Y. C. LO 3-4420
UNION SHOP
Open Eves. Mail orders promptly delivered

WORKERS SCHOOL
announces
SAM DARCY
in a series of three lectures
THIS WAR

Saturday, November 29th
THE WAR and OUR ECONOMY
Battle for Production—Strikes, Issues, Problems

Saturday, December 6th
THE WAR—THE RELATION of FORCES
The Axis versus the Democratic Powers. A review of the strength and weaknesses on each side.

Saturday, December 13th
THE OUTLOOK for the WAR
Military, Political, Economic Perspectives

Saturdays at 2:30 *Single Lecture 25 cents*
WORKERS SCHOOL
50 East 13th Street *2nd Floor*

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178—7th Ave. So. near 11th St. CH 2-9355
LEADBELLY JOSHUA WHITE
DEBBY BEST
EDDIE HEYWOOD'S BAND
Dinner $1.00 Shows: 10, 12, 2 a.m.

Lion Feuchtwanger's
THE OPPENHEIM FAMILY
and the French classic
CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS
Also Latest Soviet War News. Cont. from 10:30 A.M. till Midnight—45c to 2 P.M., 20c to 6 P.M. weekdays
IRVING PLACE THEATRE—Irving Place at 14th St.
Benefit Block Tickets at Reduced Prices GR 5-4049

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—*Walter Winchell*
MY SISTER EILEEN
The Riotous Laugh Hit
BILTMORE THEATRE
47th St. West of B'way. CI 6-9353
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Tues. & Sat., 2:40

The season's first Soviet play!
SHOWDOWN
You've read SOVIET POWER! Now see it in Action!
OPENING FRI. NIGHT—NOV. 28
(PERFORMANCES SAT. & SUN.)
Tickets: 55c and up — Benefit blocks available
TRANSPORT HALL
153 W. 64th St. (off B'way)
Auspices:
NEW THEATER—135 W. 44 St.
BR 9-5928

LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES
JOIN A GYM
Goodwin's Offers Exercise Courses as Low as $10 Monthly

COMPLETE TRIAL VISIT $2.00
Includes Swedish Massage and Vapor Baths
POSTURE CORRECTION WOMEN ONLY
SPECIAL AFTER-CHILDBIRTH EXERCISES ON THE ROOF
GOODWIN'S GYMNASIUM
1457 Broadway at 42nd Street, N. Y. C.
WIsconsin 7-8250
"DON'T PUT IT OFF — TAKE IT OFF!"

AN UNUSUAL LECTURE SERVICE
NEW MASSES offers its readers an unusual lecture service at moderate rates. Prominent writers, lecturers, reporters are available for lecture engagements. Write or call — New Masses Lecture Service — 461 Fourth Ave., N. Y. CA 5-3076

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

social and economic situation is taken into account.

Gino resented the attentions his mother paid other men, after his beloved father died. He resented the fact that his mother gave other men the food and care her children should have received. He put himself in his father's place. Dr. Wertham has a strong literary sense, an awareness of the essential psychological truths in legends and the great stories of literature, and he shows the trends of Gino's character in the tales of Orestes and Hamlet. Gino even uses words that Shakespeare and Aeschylus used.

Furthermore, in all the welter of case histories since Freud began, this is the first which takes into account not only the family setting, but the history of the family. One little boy is driven to a terrible individual act—because of the change from one form of society to another. The story of Orestes had the significance it had for the ancient Greeks, the author points out, not just because Orestes killed his mother, but because it marked the essential transition from the matriarchal to the patriarchal system. While the tragedy of Orestes is a highly individual one, the court of Athens tried the noble youth for "un-Greek activities." He was acquitted because he was deemed to have acted correctly according to the new patriarchal code. Gino would never have had the attitude of "dishonoring the family" toward his mother's actions, had he not been imbued with patriarchal ideas of women (and who knows, possibly exacerbated by the fascist ideas of women prevalent in his homeland, Italy.) If women were naturally accepted equals of men, no son could regard a mother as Gino regarded the mother image he had to kill to preserve his sanity.

Above everything else, what this story shows inescapably is that "no emotional conflict is a duel of opposing forces in a closed, self-contained field. It involves the social forces that underlie all human development." Gino, in other words, played the social role of a father, as he saw it. He put himself in his father's place. Here he stood; this is what led him to murder.

This book tears your heart, but it gives you great insight into one boy's crime, into the forces that operate in hundreds of other crimes.

ELLA WINTER.

Continental Congress

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, *by Edmund C. Burnett. Macmillan. $6.*

THE editor of the encyclopedic *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress* has produced a single-volume, 300,000-word study of the history of that institution. Here will be found a detailed day-to-day (indeed, often hour-to-hour) account of that illegally organized body which, founded in 1774 as the central organ of revolution, concluded its existence fifteen years later as the weak and ineffectual depository of federal sovereignty.

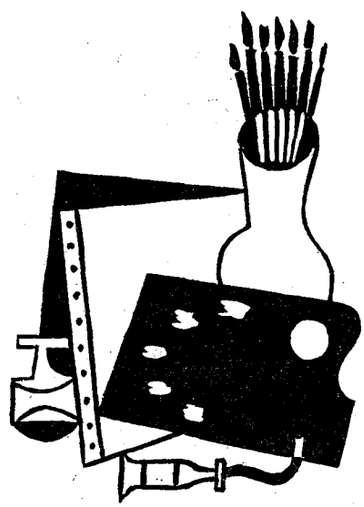
With few exceptions, Dr. Burnett's account is strictly descriptive rather than interpretive, which is fortunate, considering the character of the exceptions. Moreover, it is certain that no living historian knows more about the actual organization, conduct, and business of the Continental Congress than does Burnett, and his work will unquestionably stand as the definitive treatment of its institutional history. No attempt, however, is made to analyze the class content of the Congress at any one time or the alterations within that content which are so important to an understanding of the basic origins of its every act, from its adoption of the Declaration of Independence to its acquiescence in the decision of the constitutional convention. (A beginning in the writing of this social history has appeared in Merrill Jensen's *The Articles of Confederation,* which should be read in conjunction with Burnett's work.)

The author's errors are in the realm of evaluation. Thus, after detailing the provisions of the Association of 1774, and describing the revolutionary apparatus set up for the purpose of enforcement, he ventures to glance hastily at the work of the people's investigating committees, whose function it was to secure the operation of that apparatus. He allows himself no more than a glance, then runs away with the exclamation, "What a pity we could not have escaped this sordid chapter of our 'Glorious Revolution'!" What a pity infants are not born clean and bright and quiet, instead of breaking forth as they do, messy and kicking and yelling!

Dr. Burnett's treatment of the 1786 Shays uprising is wholly incompetent, even slanderous. This typical agrarian outbreak against the oligarchic and exploiting rule of parasitic interests, toward the establishment of a more responsive political organism and a more equitable economic arrangement, is contemptuously dismissed as due to the "envy of the shiftless toward the successful," and as envisioning "the dissolution of order and good government."

The book, however, is valuable for research and reference purposes—for its abundance of precise and complete details concerning a key institution during the formative years of the American nation.

HERBERT APTHEKER.



Science Anthology

NEW WORLDS OF SCIENCE. An anthology edited by Harold Ward. *Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.50.*

SELECTIONS from the writings of leading scientists in the English speaking world make up this distinguished anthology edited by Harold Ward. The book is divided into two sections; "Designs for Living," with accent on Man; and "Conquest of Energy," with accent on attempts to understand and control the material forces of our environment. Men of diverse political leanings from Marxists to conservatives appear in *New Worlds of Science,* which deals with "the most rational use of all resources, natural and human."

The importance of environment and adjustment to new conditions is brought out in the chapter on "Ascaris, The Story of the Worm," by Richard Goldschmidt. Raymond B. Fosdick, head of the Rockefeller Institute, tells the story of the anopheles gambiae, the carrier of malaria. He shows how this dreaded mosquito can be exterminated and the disease brought under control by proper sanitary and medicinal treatment. Dr. Henry Sigerist discusses the efforts of Paracelsus and Vesalius to break the hidebound traditions of medicine and free the science from the dead hand of Aristotle. There are companion pieces on "political biology" contributed by Prof. Ruth Benedict and J. B. S. Haldane; the former explodes all theories about racial inferiority and superiority, while the latter discusses eugenicists, the fallacies of breeding and sterilization as methods for improving the human race.

In the latter half of the book, concerned with the conquest of energy, Dr. Bernhard J. Stern gives us some excellent historical material on corporate resistance to certain technological innovations. Karl T. Compton, Arthur Solomon, and George Harrison, respectively, deal with energy and atomic energy release; atoms, cyclotrons, and transmutation of elements; and "Physics Goes Farming." Harrison's contribution is the closest approximation of the work done by Lysenko in the Soviet Union. The anthology closes with chapters by Profs. Bernal and Muller, in which Bernal calls for a scientific organization of society, and Muller points out that "it is impossible at present to set limits on the directive capacity of man made possible by his complex organization."

Mr. Ward has made his selections with a great deal of care and the contributions as a whole are free of the technical minutiae that so often give science an appearance of mystery. In only one or two cases will the layman find the terminology difficult—a minor flaw in an otherwise highly valuable volume.

JAMES KNIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FORGOTTEN VILLAGE"

A simple and stirring film of Mexican peasant life. Joy Davidman comments on the picture's real strength and some of its serious shortcomings. . . . Alvah Bessie walks into the parlor.

THE great excellence of the documentary film is its use of the actual stuff of life as camera material; its weakness, too often, is a tendency to become episodic, to degenerate into an illustrated lecture. *The Forgotten Village,* John Steinbeck's Mexican film, directed by Herbert Kline, photographed by Alexander Hackensmid, with music by Hanns Eisler, has the excellence without the weakness. By introducing a simple and stirring narrative, and by the use of a hero, Steinbeck has given us a picture of Mexican life at once universal and intimate.

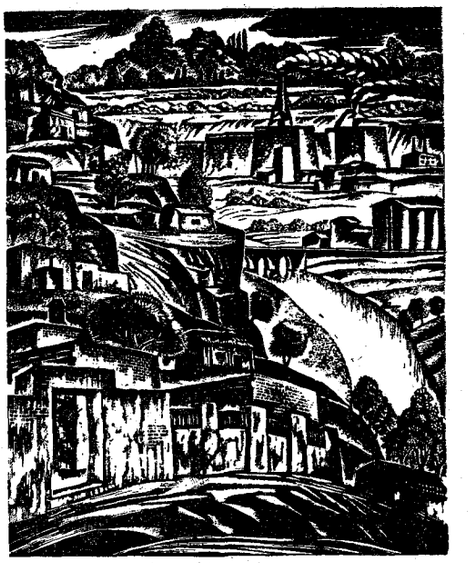
The film is half a poem; its lyrical photography, its music, and the singing cadences of its narration combine in extraordinary beauty. Filmed in unobtrusive sepia, its scenes of pueblo and cornland make remarkable use of early morning and late afternoon light, of oblique bands of sunlight, of a sunburst from behind stormy clouds. Light glints on the corn as the men harvest it. A woman pats tortillas into shape, with the light on her hands. Shots like these could stand by themselves; but how much more significant they are with the peasant's lives to give them humanity and Steinbeck's words to make them articulate!

The village is remote, primitive, and laborious. When a child is coming, the wise woman is paid to forecast its fortune. When the corn is harvested, half goes to the landowner. Witch-wife and landowner between them govern public opinion, fighting against anything new, anything which might endanger their incomes. Only the schoolteacher and one or two of his pupils dare to work for improvement and learning. The boy Juan Diego, who reads to his family about Juarez, embodies this striving.

Disease is in the well water—typhoid or dysentery. There are so many plagues that there is no need to name one. The children sicken, Juan Diego's little brother first. The witch-wife tries her formulas on him, luring the evil spirits from his belly into an egg. The evil spirits are recalcitrant, however. They bury Paco in his new hat.

Juan Diego and the teacher try to get names for a petition to the medical authorities—but the landowner smashes their medical film and the witch-wife declares doctors are poisoners. Finally, when Juan Diego's sister becomes ill, the boy walks to the terrifying city and finds the hospital. He brings back the doctors—but they are driven out by the village, roused by the witch-woman. Juan Diego goes with them, to be educated so that he can come back to his village bringing new life and understanding.

All this is told simply and unemphatically. Perhaps a little more emotional concern might have been desirable; the village is left in the throes of an epidemic, and the real solution is shifted into a vague future; meanwhile children are dying. Nobody fights very hard here, nobody questions very deeply. The film is no *Grapes of Wrath.* Where that picture asserted the unconquerable power of working people, *The Forgotten Village* seems content to leave its peasants passive. They are to be helped at some later date, from outside; few of them try to help themselves. Yet the Mexican peasants have surely suffi-



LATIN AMERICAN WOODCUTS. *(Top) "In the Ecuadoran Andes" by Leonardo Tejada. (Left) "Cuban Night in the Tropics" by Domingo Ravenet Esquerdo. (Right) "Argentine Landscape" by Alberto Nicasio.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciently demonstrated their heroism and resourcefulness. It is false analysis to contrast one Juan Diego with a whole village full of contented primitives.

As a substitute for vigorous action, the film offers a lyric gentleness. But the peasants who make up its cast need no interpreters to tell us of their hard lives. These things are written on their faces, in the face of a sick child, of a boy carrying a load of corn. You can read the face of a woman in labor, as she bites a corner of her shawl to keep back a cry. That is the film's real strength: its presentation of the daily lives of honest and courageous people.

SPIES are surprising people. They are strangely alluring with pale-gold hair and, sometimes, even beautiful soprano voices; or they are young men with sincere eyes and the right sort of mustache; or (when working for the enemy) they are suave and soft-voiced with a conspicuously Prussian way of clicking the heels. The movies have told you all this often before, but if you care to have it repeated, you can find it in *International Lady,* tastefully embroidered with high C's.

Ilona Massey is responsible for the top notes. She, needless to explain, is the lovely Axis agent who reforms, saves the American agent's life, and in return is promised marriage after the war. George Brent, whose sincerity is more than painful, is the American, and Basil Rathbone, who used to be an actor, is his British colleague. All very nice type-casting, as you see. You can spot the villains in two shakes of a black sheep's tail. In *Confessions of a Nazi Spy,* a couple of years ago, Hollywood showed us spies as they really are, unglamorous, mercenary, brutal, and cheap. But *International Lady* could not afford such honesty; where would they have slipped in the fair Ilona?

GOOD TECHNIQUE may not be the end of film-making, but it is the most indispensable of means. Such a picture as *This England,* therefore, is almost incredible. No doubt it was made under bombs, but bombs cannot turn intelligent lines into imbecilities or intelligent actors into mouthing posturers. *This England* remains badly planned, badly written, and, with the exception of Emlyn Williams, badly acted. Its photography is makeshift, its direction haphazard. And yet, queerly, it manages to leave an impression of sincerity, of a profound and genuine emotion.

Perhaps this is due to the film's wise emphasis on the English people. They are shown rising, throughout their history, against oppression within and without. No matter if the Anglo-Saxons spout a prithee-and-God-wot dialogue which would disgrace a Sunday School pageant; no matter if the Elizabethans conscientiously labor at looking quaint over their ale. They remain farmers defending their land. A great deal of sentimental silliness is lavished over that land—"The earth of England is an old, old earth!"—as if the rest of the globe had been added much later as a sort of afterthought. But it is farmland all the same. When enemies threaten it, when its rulers sell it out, the people of England go out and fight for it. This the film, for all its grotesque imperfections, does manage to convey. And Emlyn Williams' performance as one of those people is so sensitive that one wonders at the thick-witted writing of which he has been guilty.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Four Plays

Italian-Americans, "Ring around Elizabeth," spring, and the small fry.

"WALK into my parlor," said the spider to the fly. The labor-organizing daughter of Alexander Greendale's play of the same title supplies a new ending to this old nursery rhyme. The flies gang up on the spider. The flies, of course, are the little people of Mr. Greendale's play, and the spider is economic oppression.

This is Mr. Greendale's first produced play. It represents a tough problem for the reviewer, for many reasons. In order, they might be summarized as follows: Mr. Greendale has talent; he deals with material that is handled infrequently enough upon our stage with any amount of sincerity of purpose. At the same time Mr. Greendale is strongly derivative of many playwrights, not the least of whom is Clifford Odets. Also, he is over-obvious and confused, sometimes to the point of being actually ludicrous. On the other hand (again), it is his commendable purpose to handle with sincerity and considerable emotion the problem of people faced with a blank wall of economic necessity, and tempted, as a result, toward criminal action against society. This is valid material. But in handling this material, the dramatist oversimplifies until he becomes banal. Also, through a lack of complete comprehension, he lays his characters open to serious criticism; he provides ammunition for their enemies.

His characters are Italian-American citizens. The problem of handling national minorities is a ticklish one that requires a maximum of understanding—social understanding—on the part of the artist, and a minimum of compromise. Mr. Greendale's Italian-Americans, living in Chicago, are a large and sprawling family. They demonstrate many of the cliches we have been accustomed to observe in writers less sympathetic to minority groups than I feel Mr. Greendale actually is. They use considerable profane language; the paterfamilias sits at home in his underwear, dominates his family; one daughter is a bird-brain; a daughter-in-law is referred to by her brother-in-law as "hot lips" and nearly runs away with him; this son of the family passes counterfeit money to make a living. He is tolerated by his family, although it does not exactly approve.

Yet he succeeds in drawing his mother into the counterfeit ring, and knowing that this is wrong, she agrees in order to provide "security" for the labor-organizing daughter, who is about to split with her husband. It was Mr. Greendale's valid purpose to demonstrate the social pressure which forces the poor, at times, into crime. But his picture is sadly distorted, both artistically and politically. Neither the situations nor the motivations are fully explored, nor are they balanced and understood well enough to bring enlightenment to the audience. To the contrary, they might readily feed the chauvinistic feelings of uninformed people, by pandering to their prejudices. "See," such a person might readily say, "that's the way Italians are. I read that in a paper. Lots of Italian immigrants are criminals. Isn't it true to life?"

Well, it's not. It may be true that there are criminals among Italian-Americans, or among any minority group, but they are not criminals because of their national origin, nor are they the general rule. This, Mr. Greendale does not make unequivocally plain. And it is his obligation, both as a writer who wishes to help others to understand life (artistically and politically), to make that point unequivocally clear. His labor-organizing daughter might have done this. Instead, she spends most of her time on the sidelines of the action. I do not mean that it would have been correct for her to stand stage-center and deliver a political speech. (She might, by the way, have improved the play had she explained to her husband—and the audience—why she would not tolerate his taking a job as a scab.) But had she, in the play, occupied the position and exercised the influence such a person occupies and exercises in real life, the play would have been better artistically, as well as politically. For the two are inseparable.

Walk into My Parlor gives many evidences of a script written some time ago, and recently refurbished. There are casual references to the war, that seem thrown in deliberately; they have no integral part. And, from the tenor of this review, you might gather that Mr. Greendale has written a bad play. That is true. But it is not such a bad play as other critics indicated.

For, despite his obvious sources; despite his many clumsy scenes and ludicrous situations (*vide* the moment when the counterfeiter-brother is tempted to seduce his sister-in-law, and mortifies the flesh by grasping a red-hot coal from the stove), and despite his sometimes callow understanding of people and his definite failure to relate these specific people to the world in which we all are living, it is also true that he has considerable talent. Some of his people have enormous vitality—they live; you understand them; sympathize with them. This is no small attribute on the stage—you need only attend the theater several times weekly to understand how important it is, and how gener-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAT. DEC. 6th
WEBSTER HALL
119 E. 11th

AN ORIGINAL WARTIME REVUE
KICKIN' THE PANZER

MUSIC BY
Red Allen
ALL STAR SWING BAND

NEW MASSES
30th ANNUAL
ARTISTS & WRITERS
BALL

Tickets $1.10, including tax, in advance. $1.50, including tax, at the door. On sale at Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St., Bookfair, 133 West 44th St., New Masses, 461 4th Ave. CA 5-3076

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES Classified Ads

50c a line. Payable in Advance.
Minimum charge $1.50.

Approximately 7 words to a line.
Deadline Friday 4 p.m.

FURS

SKILLED FUR CRAFTSMAN with factory in wholesale district can give you 35% below retail rates on remodeling, repairing and custom made coats. Cleaning and Glazing also done at moderate rates. **ASK FOR MR. ARMAND, 145 W. 30 St., N. Y. C. ARMAND ET SOEUR, CH i 4-1424.**

INSURANCE

PAUL CROSBIE and CARL BRODSKY—whatever your needs. — **FREQUENT SAVINGS, 799 Broadway. TRADE UNION AGENCY, Tel. GR amercy 7-5978.**

LANGUAGES

LEARN YOUR RUSSIAN. *One group is at it,* enthusiastically. Forming now are new groups. Act quickly. **LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER,** Lewis Bertrand, Director, 18 E. 41 St., N. Y. C. LE xington 2-8838.

LAUNDRY

FOUR STAR HAND LAUNDRY—excellent work—very reasonable—also **FRENCH** Dry Cleaning. Call & deliver. 404 E. 10 St. GR 3-1869.

OPTOMETRIST

EYES EXAMINED. Scientific approach. Reasonable fees. **MORRIS GOLDSMITH,** 515 Eastern Parkway (Nostrand Ave.) 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. daily. PR 2-2772.

RESTAURANT

New York's Newest! RUSSIAN SKAZKA RESTAURANT. Dine by firelight to latest recorded Soviet and American music. Dinner 65c. After theater snacks from 25c. 17 Barrow St. off Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9124.

WEARING APPAREL

SHOPPING AT MISS GOODMAN'S is a decided boon in this rising market. She sells only those better dresses & coats (original models) far below regular mark-up. 474—7th Ave. (36 St.) LA 4-4013.

GOINGS ON

SAM DARCY SPEAKS—in a series of three lectures on "THIS WAR"—beginning Saturday, November 29th, at 2:30 P.M. First lecture: The War and Our Economy. Workers School, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Joseph North, editor New Masses, Sun., Nov. 30, 8:30 P.M. Workers School, 50 E. 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

FIFTH AVE. FORUM presents **DR. SIDNEY EISENBERGER,** "Fifth Column in Amer. Schools," Sun., Nov. 30, 8 P.M. 77 5th Ave. Adm. 15c. Questions—Discussion.

SEE United American Artists' **EXHIBITION.** Also special $5-$25 section of original paintings, watercolors, prints. Adm. free—ACA Gallery, 26 W. 8 St.

ally lacking. And there are other [illegible]ces of the author's sincere intentions [illegible]his material and his craft. He will h[illegible]r-get Clifford Odets. He will have [illegible]n-strate less facility per se and mor[illegible]ty. He will have to do some studying-[illegible]le and of the situations in which they find themselves, and of the contemporary scene. For he might readily become a playwright. He has the flair.

In the leading roles Rosina Galli, Silvio Minciotti, Nicholas Conte, and Helen Waren play with earnestness and a fair degree of competence. Less successful is Rita Piazza's sister-in-law; it is a difficult role, for which Miss Piazza does not, as yet, possess the requisite equipment. Far more successful than most, in a minor role (the counterfeiter) is Lou Polan. Mr. Polan is an accomplished actor who endows a poorly written part with the breath of life.

"RING AROUND ELIZABETH," written, it is alleged, by a suburban housewife named Charl(otte) Armstrong, did not deserve the unconditional smacking it got from the Broadway reviewers. True, it is no great shakes as dramaturgy; true, it makes use of quite a number of ancient, stock dramatic situations. Even so, it achieves a large quota of laughs, some homely insight into the *mores* of the middle classes in America, and demonstrates the effect these mores and aspirations have upon the institution of motherhood and the family.

The theme is an old one: The Worm Turns. The Worm, in this instance, is Mother, who has been put upon for twenty years by a hypochondriac mother, a dull-as-ditchwater husband, a crotchety father-in-law, local middle class society dames, and, for a shorter period of time, a starry-eyed daughter and a precocious one. As a result of being so harassed, of finding all the flavor gone from life as she would have liked to live it, she develops a case of fake amnesia, and tells them all off, individually and collectively. And she does a pretty good job of it.

This situation Mrs. Armstrong has developed with a modicum of means and with much humor. The spoiled and stodgy husband eventually gets the boat he wanted; the old grampa is induced to disconnect his personal fire-alarm apparatus; the cantankerous mother is induced to go home; the local busybody is rebuffed, and the entire crew—which has been honing to appropriate Mother's small legacy—is put in its place. The play is not terribly important, but it is moderately amusing, with most of the entertainment concentrated in the first and second acts, and little enough in the third.

As the Turning Worm, Jane Cowl conveys the imminence of neurasthenia with conviction. McKay Morris is convincingly dull; Marilyn Erskine and Katharine Bard make a fine pair of annoying daughters; Herbert Yost is good as a troublesome old gent, and in the role of a domineering servant, Ruth Chorpenning gives an excellent performance.

IN "SPRING AGAIN" Miss Isabel Leighton and Mr. Bertram Bloch have written a lightweight, catchpenny comedy based upon the worn-out theme of a man who lives in the reflected glory of his great ancestor, a Civil War general. Of course, it appears that the general himself had feet of clay, and a few laughs can be extracted from that contradiction. Of course, again there is the woman who seems to be the inferior of her husband, but actually rules him—another ancient comedy device, still good for a laugh or two. Then there are the stupid cracks at "the riff-raff we are sending to Washington," the Jewish moving picture producer who has changed his name to Auchinschloss, the servant with the irritating voice.

The play comes off only at moments, most of them due to the lighthearted and competent performance of Miss Grace George, an accomplished comedienne. C. Aubrey Smith has been playing the hearty pukah-sahib so long on the screen that he has naturally transferred him to the stage—a strange manifestation when you consider that Mr. Smith is playing the son of an American Union Army officer.

ALVAH BESSIE.

★

LAST year Messrs. Chodorov and Fields struck pay dirt when they wrote *My Sister Eileen,* based on Ruth McKenney's stories in the *New Yorker.* This year Sally Benson's pieces from the same magazine provide equally hilarious material, and the result, *Junior Miss,* contributes one of those rare experiences—a satisfying evening in the theater.

As a play *Junior Miss* is a weak thing. In fact, I suspect that the plot was added merely as a means of raising and lowering the curtain at the necessary intervals. But if the play is not the thing, then the dialogue certainly is. It is warm and infectious. And the main reason for the abiding high spirits of the audience is Patricia Peardon, the youngster who plays Judy Graves in the title role. Aided by her friend, Fuffy Adams, who has some of the best lines in the play, she produces one of the most endearing characters of the year. She carries the bulk of the play on her young but extremely efficient shoulders, and it is her sensitive and intelligent performance that gives much needed substance to an otherwise thin production.

The action springs from the fact that Judy and Fuffy see life in terms of all the film plots they can remember. The brittle, movie-mad sophistication of the youngsters counterposed against the damage they create is the basis of the jovial antics that constitute the play. But from time to time moments of realism and genuine poignance break through the artifice of dialogue and situation.

Lenore Lonergon, who plays Fuffy Adams, is a perfect foil for Patricia Peardon. Her appearance is always the signal for laughter, although there are times when her mannerisms and stage tricks threaten to ruin her part. Philip Ober and Barbara Robbins do solid characterizations as the harassed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents, and Paula Laurence, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, Joan Newton, and others contribute to the total mirth of the evening. The play is a triumph of the small fry.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

"PROGRESSIVE'S Almanac" is a calendar of meetings, dances, luncheons, and cultural activities within the progressive movement. This list is published in connection with NEW MASSES' Clearing Bureau, created for the purpose of avoiding conflicting dates for various affairs. Fraternal organizations, trade unions, political bodies, etc., are urged to notify NEW MASSES Clearing Bureau of events which they have scheduled. Service of the Clearing Bureau is free. A fee of one dollar per listing will be charged for all affairs listed in this column.

NOVEMBER

29—New Theater League, Testimonial to Earl Robinson, Town Hall.

29—New Theater of Manhattan, Opening Night, "Showdown," Transport Hall.

29—City Wide Tenants Council—Harlem Party—263 W. 139th St.

29-Dec. 13—Three Sat. aft. lectures, "Main Perspectives of the War." Sam Darcy, Workers School, 2:30.

30—School for Democracy — Forum, "America in Danger," military speakers—Steinway Hall, 3 P.M.

DECEMBER

1—Local 802—Amer. Fed. of Musicians—5th Annual Ball—Bands on Parade, Manhattan Center.

3-7—Oklahoma Committee to Fight Syndicalism Cases, Art Auction and Sale, Puma Galleries.

6—NEW MASSES, 30th Annual Artists and Writers Ball, Webster Hall.

7—Russian-American Comm. for Med. Aid to USSR. Concert, Manhattan Center.

13—Workers School, Fall Dance, Irving Plaza.

17—Committee of Jewish Writers and Artists in U. S., meeting, greeting to Jews in USSR—Madison Square Garden.

18—NEW MASSES meeting, "Six Months of the War," place to be announced.

19—"City Politics"—Interpretation Please No. 5, Webster Hall.

24—(Christmas Eve) Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade, Ball, Manhattan Center.

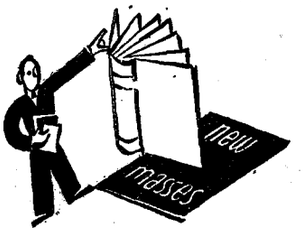
25—(Christmas Night). Young Theatre Players—opening, "Emperors New Clothes," Heckscher Theatre.

31—(New Year's Eve) Advertising Guild, Mad Arts Ball, Manhattan Center.

JANUARY

17—NEW MASSES, Cross-section of American Folk Culture, Carnegie Hall.

One Year of NEW MASSES *plus a timely* BOOK



NEW MASSES regular yearly subscription rate is $5.00

	Our Gift Combination Price	You Save
THE COPPERHEADS* by William Blake list price $3.00	$6.75	$1.25
BREAD AND A STONE* by Alvah Bessie list price $2.50	6.25	1.25
THE CENTURY WAS YOUNG* by Louis Aragon list price $2.75	6.75	1.00
MEN OF EUROPE by Andre Simone list price $2.50	6.25	1.25
THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT* Ed. by Bernard Smith list price $5.00	8.00	2.00
STORM* by George Stewart list price $2.50	6.25	1.25
THE SILENT DON (Vols. I & II) by Mikhail Sholokhov list price $6.00	8.50	2.50
THIS IS MY OWN by Rockwell Kent list price $3.50	6.75	1.75
TWELVE MILLION BLACK VOICES* by Richard Wright list price $3.00	6.75	1.25
SENSATION FAIR* by Egon Erwin Kisch list price $3.00	6.75	1.25
DEMOCRACY AND SOCIAL CHANGE by Harry F. Ward list price $2.50	6.25	1.25
WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN by Budd Schulberg list price $2.50	6.25	1.25
WINTER SOLDIERS: The Story of a Conspiracy Against the Schools by Louis Lerman with a foreword by Franz Boas list price $1.00	5.50	.50
"I MADE A MISTAKE—" HITLER* by Lucien Zacharoff list price $2.00	6.25	.75

* Just published

NEW MASSES, 461 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combination offer.

Enclosed find $ . . . . . .

The book I desire is . . . . . .

Please send it to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

The one-year subscription (or renewal) to NEW MASSES you may send to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

12-2-41

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VICTORY

CARNEGIE LIBRARY
NOV 29 1941
PITTSBURGH

NEW MASSES GIFT FOR 1942

A calendar for democracy designed and illustrated by the leading artists in the Workshop of the United American Artists

Kent, Gellert, Hopf, Landau, Breslow, Egleson, Robbins, Young, Gottlieb, Wilson, Gropper, Leboit, Olds, Rohowsky, Wald, Dove are the sixteen artists who contribute decorative graphic monthly reminders of the anti-Hitler fight.

This calendar . . . Victory-1942 . . . free with every annual or semi-annual subscription to New Masses. Here is an exceptional holiday gift to start the new year right. Fill out the blank.

Gentlemen: Please send me

- ☐ one year of New Masses ($5.00)
- ☐ 6 mos. of New Masses ($2.75) and a Victory Calendar—1942

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . .

12-2-41

(Calendars printed on special India Vellum paper are 25c extra. Additional calendars sell for $1.00)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED